

Featuring **DICK COLE**

SPRING  
A

# 4MOST

10¢

M  
O  
S  
T



I HOPE DAN  
GETS HERE  
SOON !!

VOL. 3  
NO. 2



## The image features a dense background collage of vintage comic book covers. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". The covers depict various genres such as superhero action, mystery, science fiction, and humor. Overlaid on this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a slight drop shadow effect. The word "WEB" is on the top line, "COMIC" is on the second line, and "UNIVERSE.COM" spans the bottom two lines of the bubble.



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

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## CALLING ALL SCRAPPERS! ! ! !

Dear Gang:

Do you want to do more to help end this war by sweating for your Uncle Sam? We think you do! Here is your chance, and we mean your big chance, to really "sweat it out." Your Uncle Sam has to have BOMB BANDS, PRACTICE BOMBS, AIRPLANE WINGTIPS, AIRPLANE SIGNALS, PARACHUTE FLARES, AMMUNITION CHESTS, MEDICINE CHESTS, SHELL PROTECTORS, SHELL CONTAINERS, and other WAR WEAPONS that are made from waste paper. That scrap paper must be collected before it can become a war weapon.

The boys and girls of America are the ones who can do this job best and your Uncle is counting on you to be an American and see that this big job is not muffed.

There is a very severe shortage of paper. Men who used to cut it in our forests are in the Army. Countries from which we used to obtain a large part of our pulp wood to make paper, such as Norway, are now under Axis rule. We've got to salvage our waste paper to make up for the lost sources of supply or we won't have enough for our war efforts.

Secondary to the war effort but nevertheless important is the fact that there is not enough paper for magazines and newspapers. All magazine publishers are now reduced to only three-quarters of the paper that they used in 1942. That's why many of you can't find your **4 MOST** on the newsstands if you get there a day or two late. There's not enough to go around because there's not enough paper.

The boys and girls of America can now prove to Uncle Sam's War Production Board how important a help they are in helping to win the war. You can prove it by collecting every bit of scrap paper from old newspapers and magazines, used cartons and grocery bags to gum wrappers in your neighborhood. Turn this in to your waste paper collection headquarters whether it be a junk man, your school, or Civilian Defense Headquarters. Scour your house from cellar to attic and get your neighbors to scour theirs. Don't wait! Start now! Flatten your cardboard cartons, empty your wastepaper basket scrap into burlap bags and bundle your magazines and newspapers.

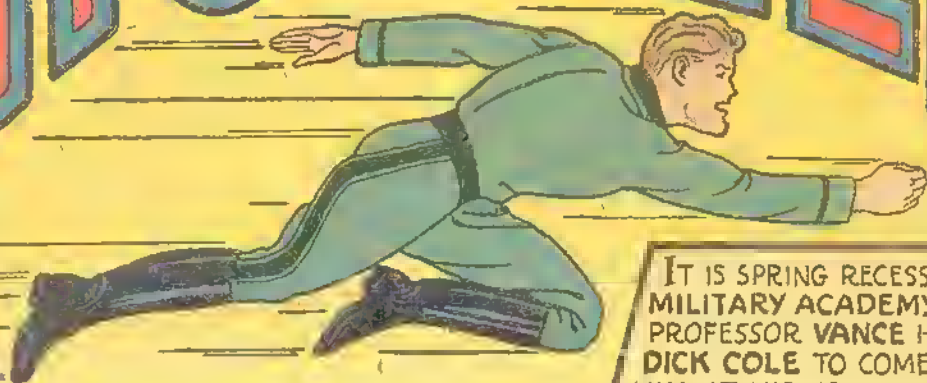
Scrap paper is worth money. You can thus sell what you have collected. So after the physical work is done and you have your money, follow this blow to the Axis jaw by one to the solar plexus. Use the money to buy War Stamps and Bonds!

Cordially,

THE EDITORS.

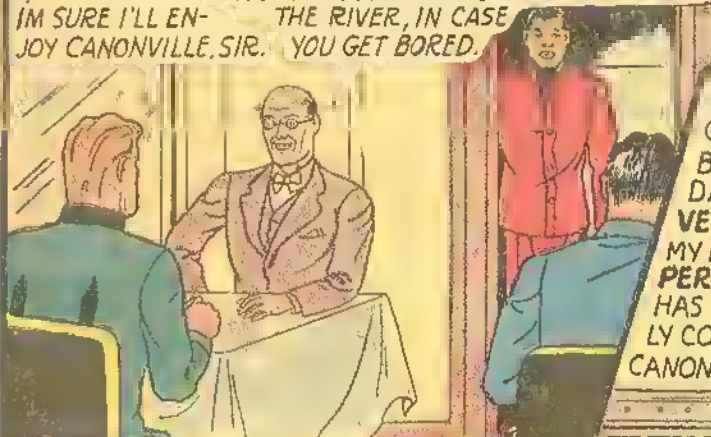
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# DICK COLE

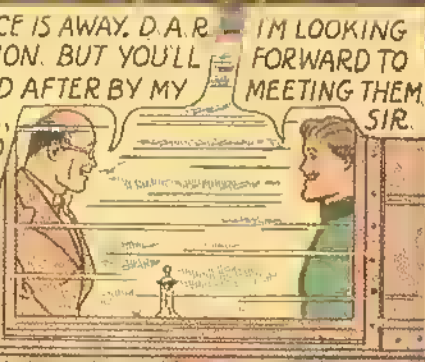


IT IS SPRING RECESS AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY. PROFESSOR VANCE HAS INVITED DICK COLE TO COME TO VISIT HIM AT HIS HOME IN THE MIDWEST FOR THE VACATION PERIOD. WE FIND DICK AND THE PROFESSOR ON A TRAIN SPEEDING WESTWARD.

WELL, DICK, IN JUST FOUR HOURS WE'LL BE IN CANONVILLE. IT'S A SMALL TOWN BUT BIG CITY IS JUST UP THE RIVER, IN CASE I'M SURE I'LL ENJOY CANONVILLE, SIR. YOU GET BORED.



MRS. VANCE IS AWAY, D.A.R. CONVENTION. BUT YOU'LL BE LOOKED AFTER BY MY DAUGHTER, VELMA, AND MY NEPHEW, PERRY, WHO HAS RECENTLY COME TO CANONVILLE.

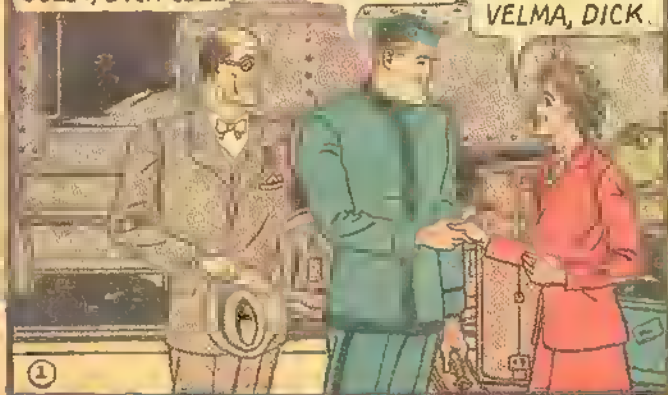


CANONVILLE.

VELMA, THIS IS OUR GUEST, DICK COLE.

HOW DO YOU DO, MISS VANCE.

WELCOME TO CANONVILLE! AND CALL ME VELMA, DICK.

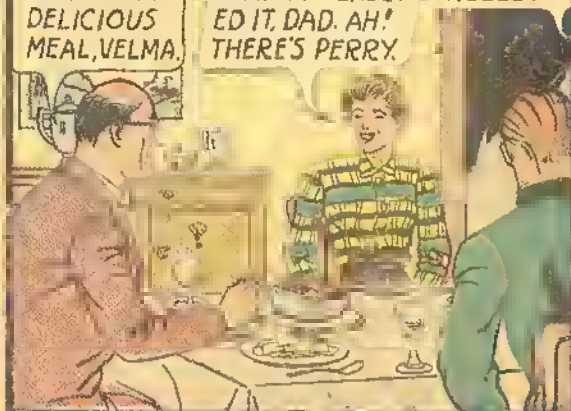


SOMETIME LATER IN THE VANCE HOME.

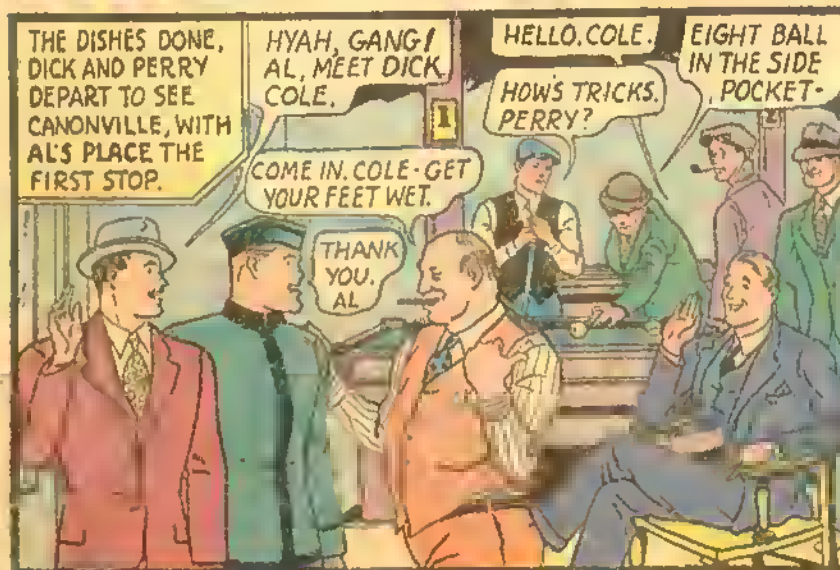
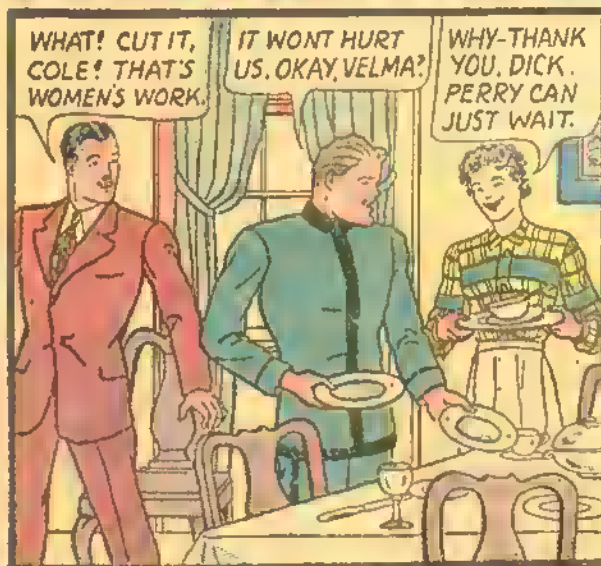
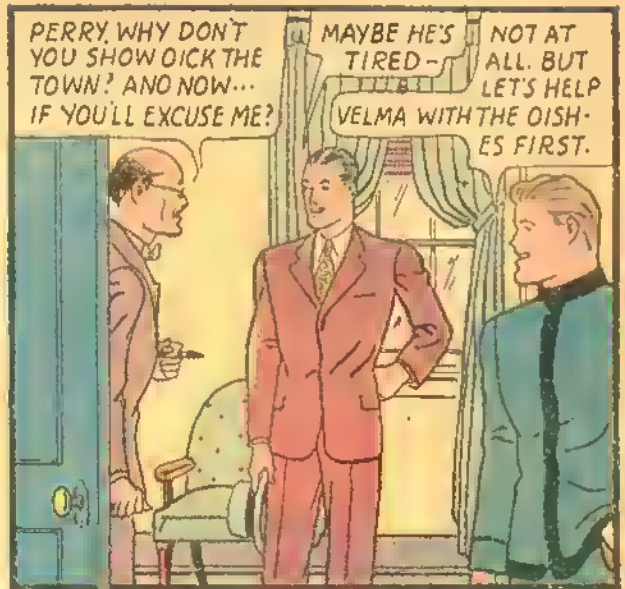
THAT WAS A DELICIOUS MEAL, VELMA.

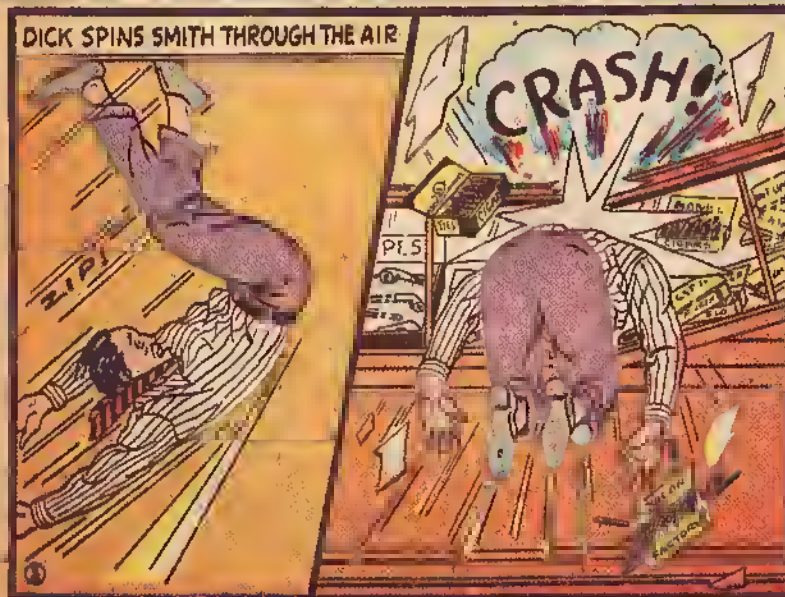
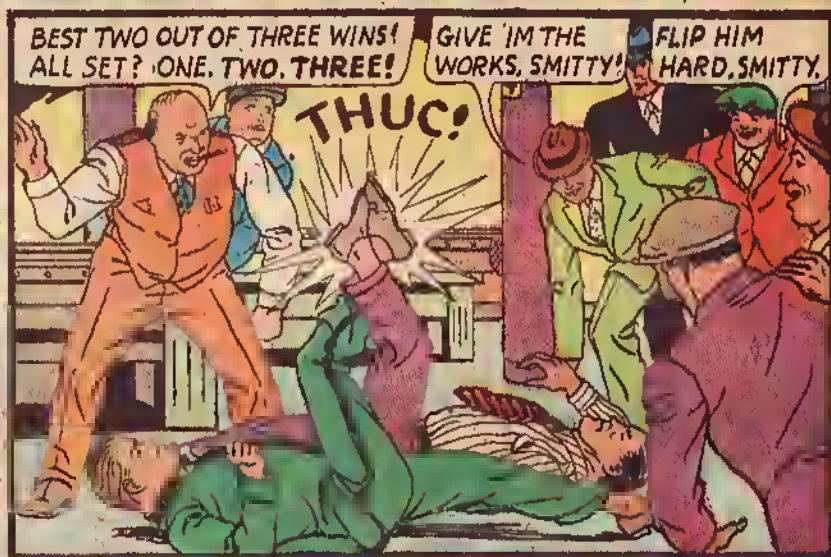
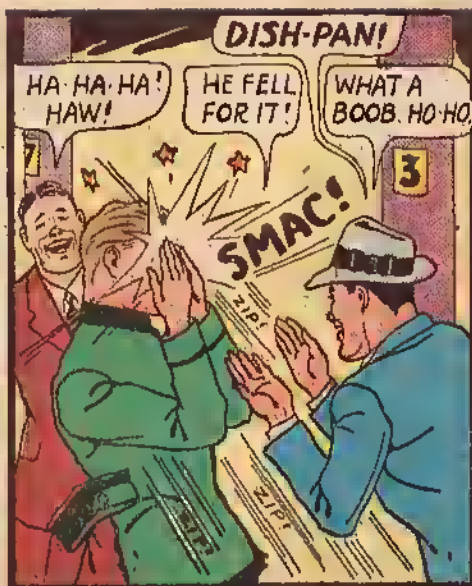
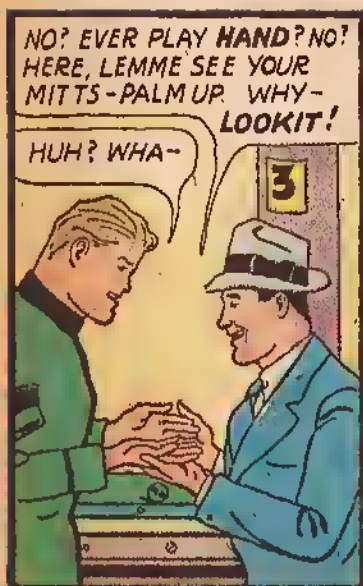
GLAD YOU ENJOYED IT, DAD. AH! THERE'S PERRY.

HULLO!

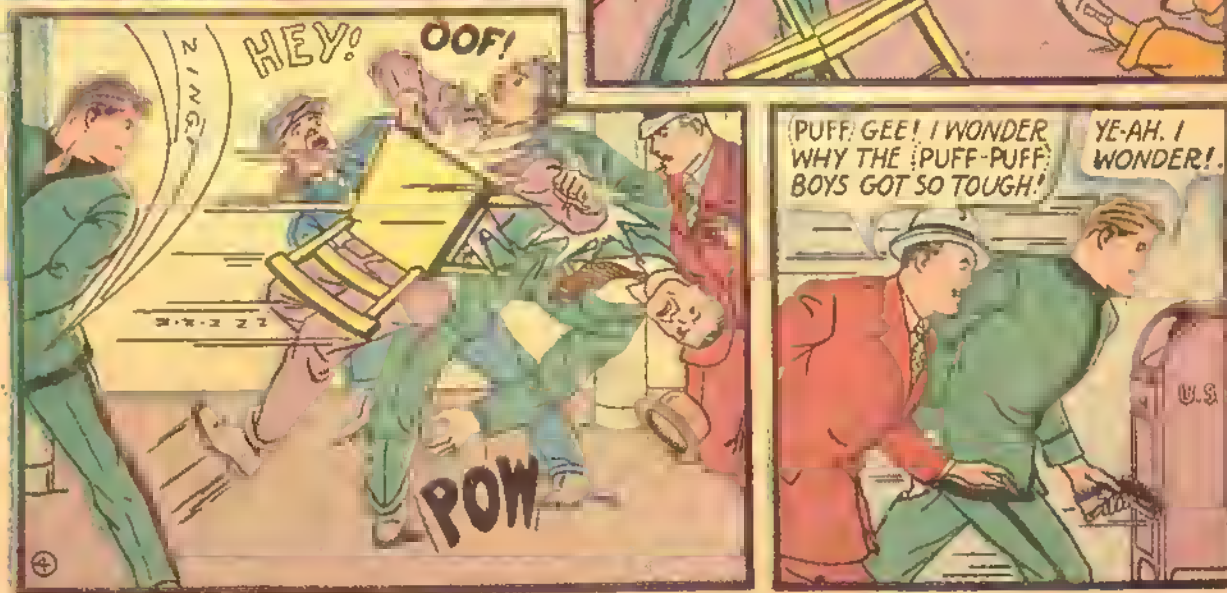
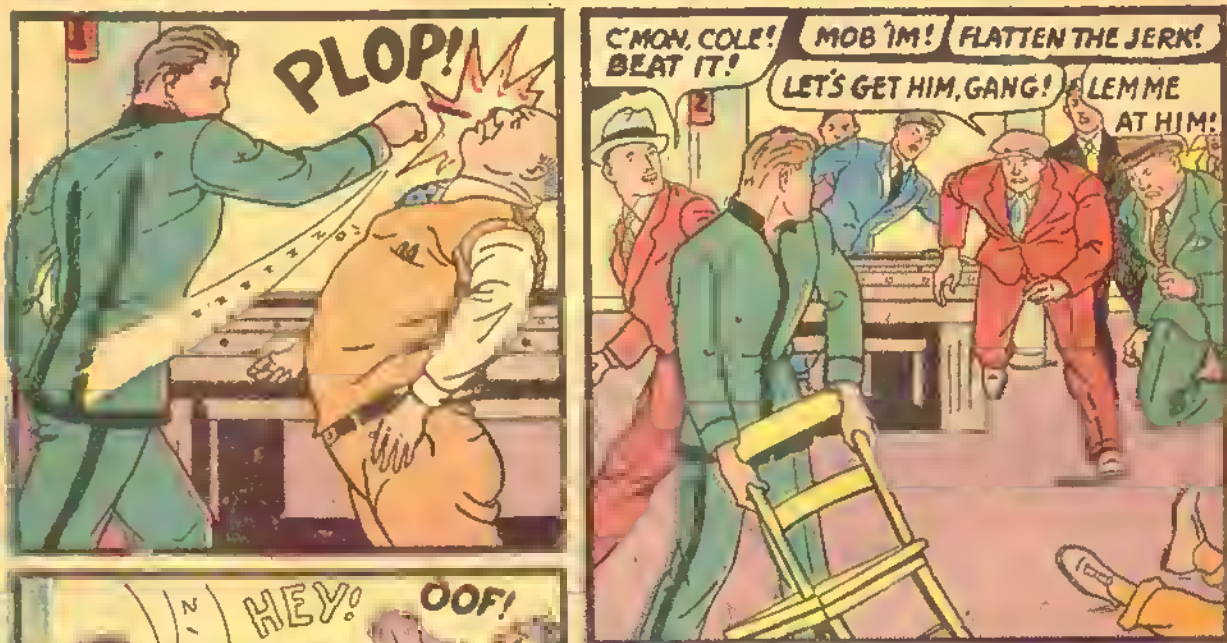
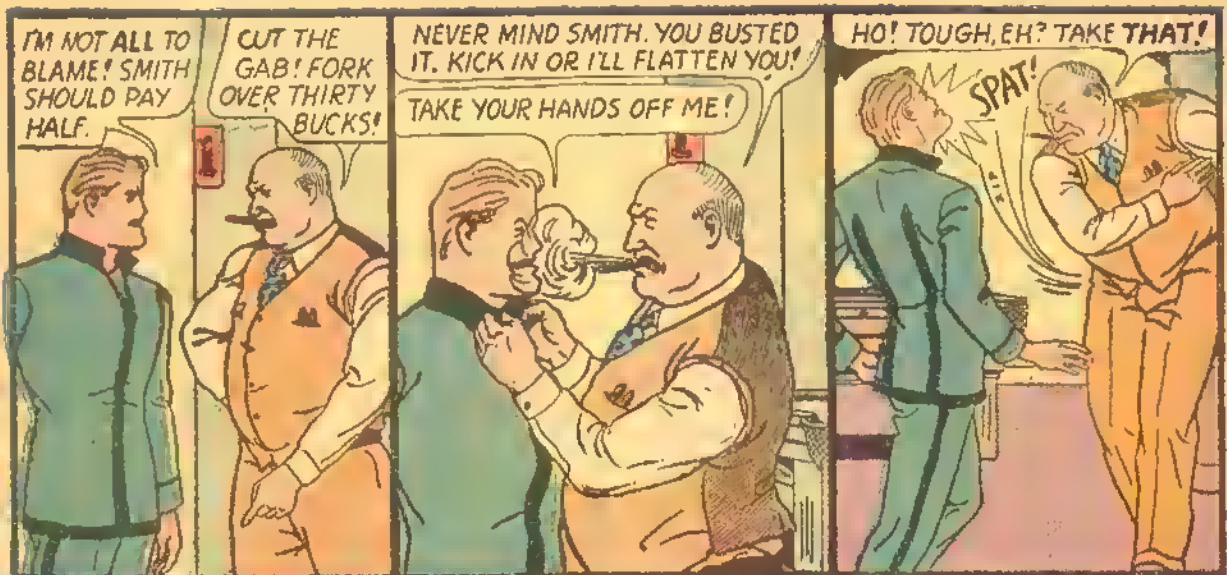








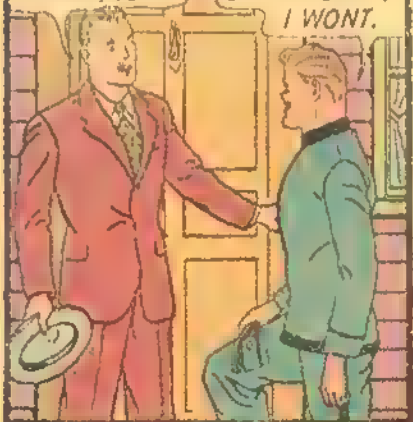




BACK AT THE VANCE HOME.

UH- DON'T MENTION THIS TO  
UNCLE ED OR  
VELMA, CDLE.

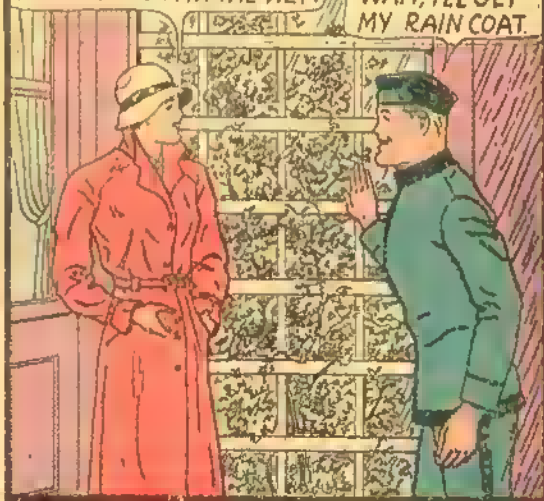
DON'T WDRRY.  
I WONT.



EARLY THE NEXT  
MORNING DICK  
GOES TO AL'S  
PLACE. IT IS  
EMPTY EXCEPT  
FOR THE SURLY  
OWNER WHO  
ACCEPTS, WITH-  
OUT THANKS,  
THE MONEY  
DICK TENDERS  
HIM... DICK  
RETURNS TO  
THE VANCE  
HOME JUST AS  
A HEAVY RAIN  
SETS IN. HE  
MEETS VELMA  
AT THE DOOR.

HELLO. MIND WALKING  
TO THE BANK IN THE WET?

COURSE NOT!  
WAIT, I'LL GET  
MY RAIN COAT.



PERRY TELLS ME YOU  
WERE IN AL'S LAST  
NIGHT. DICK, I  
WORRY ABOUT THE  
CROWD PERRY  
GOES WITH.

THAT CROWD?  
HUH, THEY'RE  
HARMLESS!



I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT,  
AND I ALSO HOPE THIS  
RAIN STOPS. WE'VE  
HAD TOO MUCH RAIN  
LATELY. IT MIGHT  
CAUSE ANOTHER FLOOD.



NICE BANK, VELMA.

YES, IT ~~~~



OVER AGAINST  
THE WALL! THIS  
IS A STICK-UP!

REACH! TAKE IT  
EASY AND NO ONE  
GETS HURT!



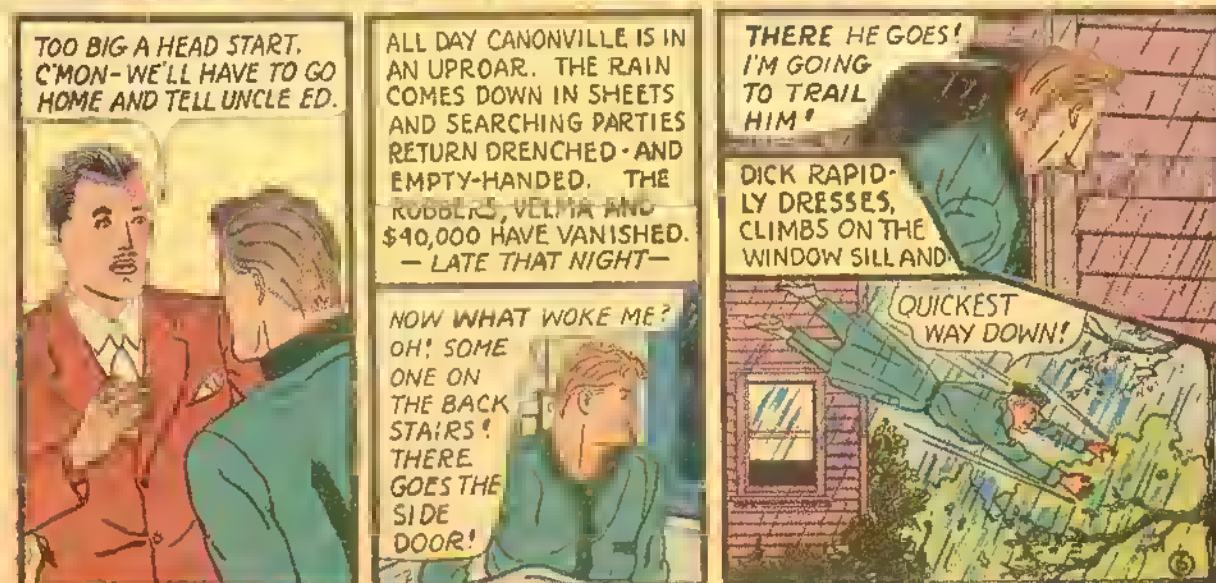
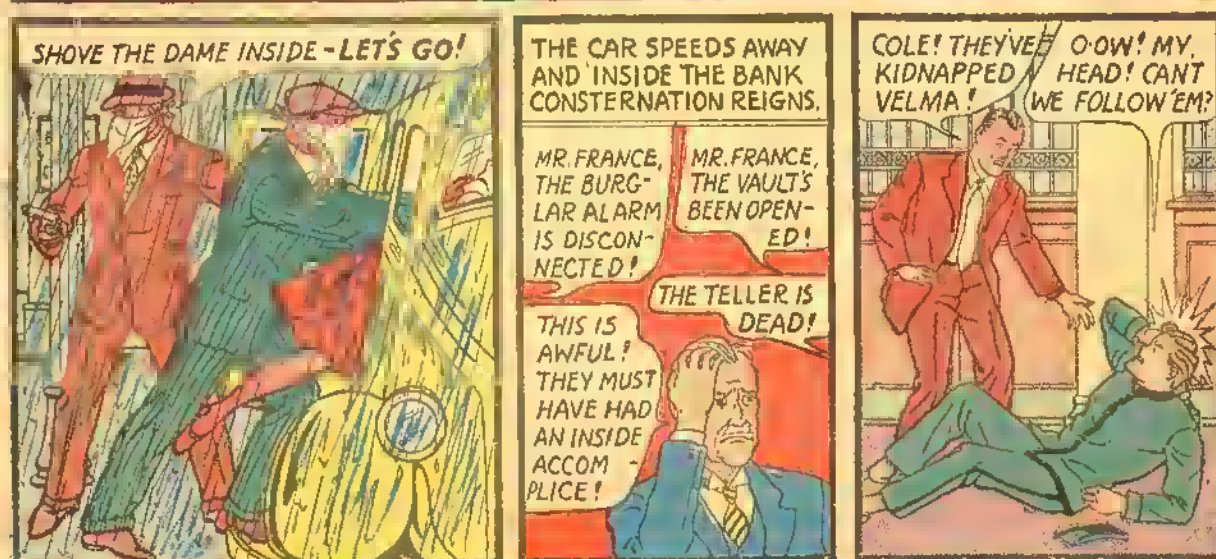
A TELLER GOES FOR HIS GUN

YOU FOOL!



THE BANK IS  
QUICKLY RIFLED  
AND THE ROBBERS  
THEN MAKE FOR  
THE ENTRANCE -  
WHERE-





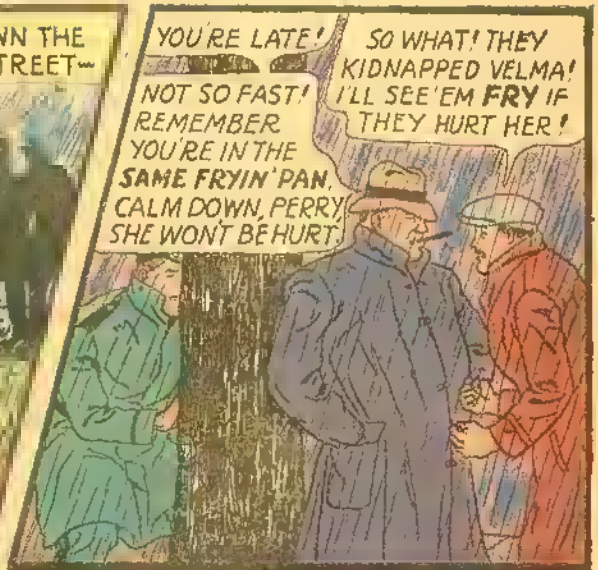


DICK TRAILS THE HURRYING FORM UNTIL~



FIVE BLOCKS DOWN THE STREET~

AH!



YOU'RE LATE!  
NOT SO FAST!  
REMEMBER  
YOU'RE IN THE  
SAME FRYIN' PAN.  
CALM DOWN, PERRY,  
SHE WON'T BE HURT.

SO WHAT! THEY  
KIDNAPPED VELMA!  
I'LL SEE 'EM FRY IF  
THEY HURT HER!



THERE'S A PACKAGE IN THE  
HOUSE FOR T.O. YOU USE MY  
CAR-IT'S AT MY  
PLACE- AND  
TAKE IT TO HIM.

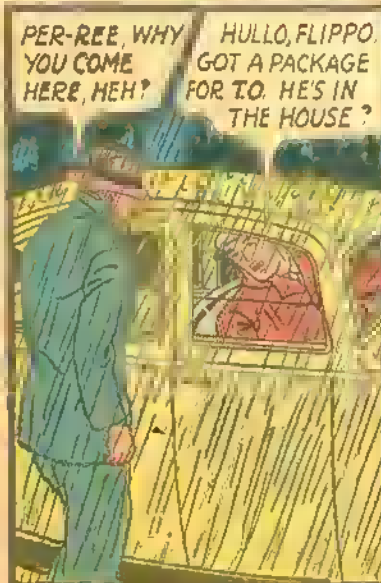
OKAY, AL.  
HURRY.



I'LL HIDE IN AL'S CAR.



THIS SET UP LOOKS BAD FOR PERRY.  
GEE! WHAT IF HE LOOKS BACK HERE?



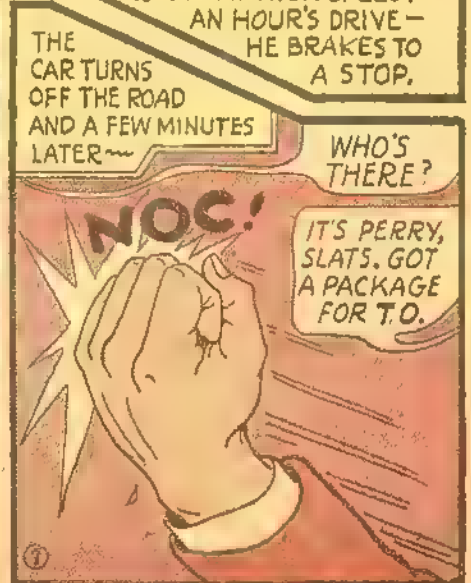
PER-REE, WHY  
YOU COME  
HERE, HEH?

HULLO, FLIPPO.  
GOT A PACKAGE  
FOR T.O. HE'S IN  
THE HOUSE?



YOU BET ME!  
NICE 'N DRY!

OKAY, SEE  
YOU LATER.



THE  
CAR TURNS  
OFF THE ROAD  
AND A FEW MINUTES  
LATER~

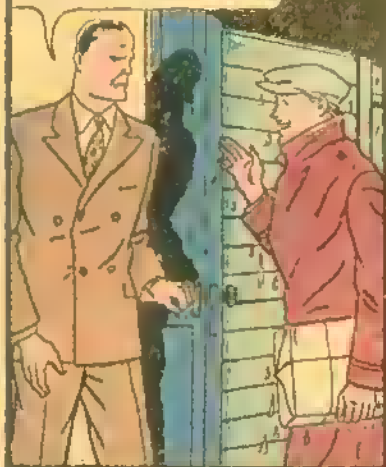
WHO'S  
THERE?

IT'S PERRY,  
SLATS. GOT  
A PACKAGE  
FOR T.O.

NOC!



YOU KNOW YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TO COME HERE. T.O. WON'T LIKE IT. BUT- COME ON IN.



AS THE DOOR CLOSES, DICK DASHES FOR THE HOUSE.

GEE! THAT RIVER SOUNDS CLOSE! WELL... THAT'S AN EASY CLIMB.



AH! THIS WINDOW'S UNLOCKED!



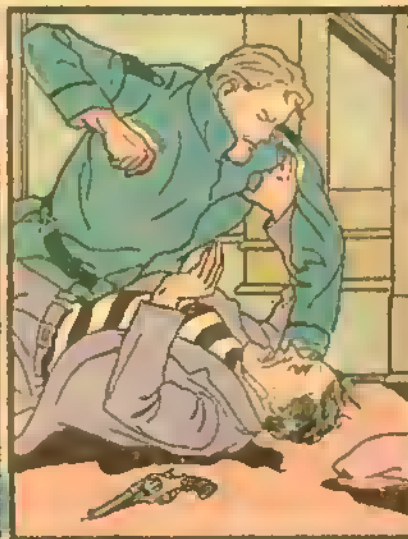
EEEK!

SH-H-H! VELMA?... IT'S DICK!

GULP! HERE, DICK! OOH! THE DOOR! THE GUARD'S COMING! HIDE!



WHAT'S GO-- HEY!



AROUND MORE TO THE LIGHT, VELMA. NO TIME TO LOSE.



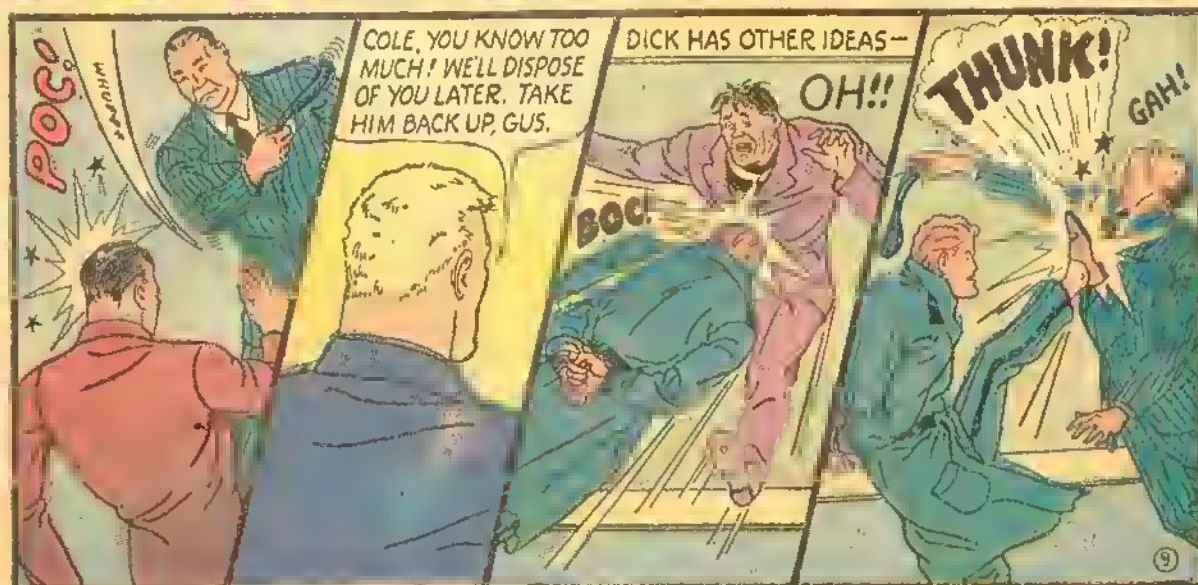
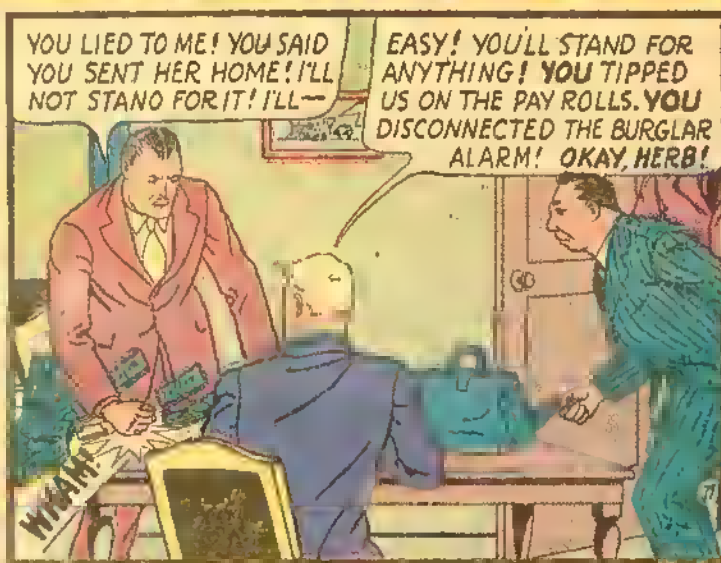
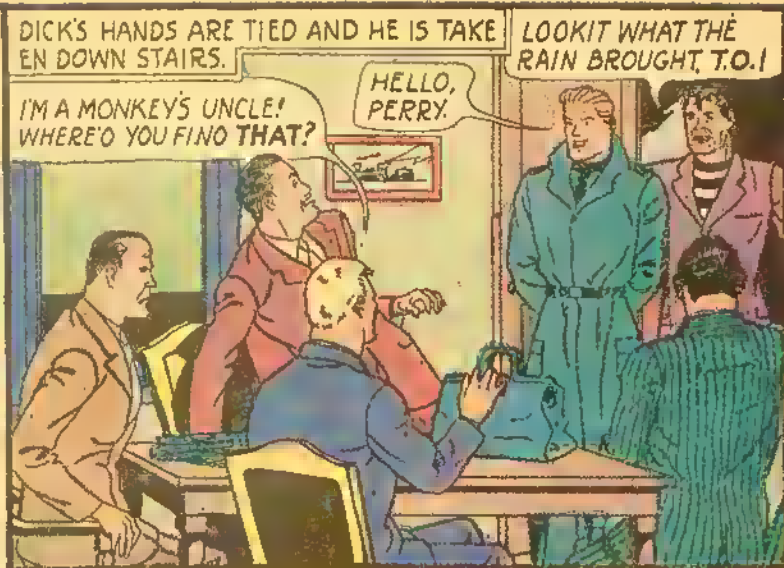
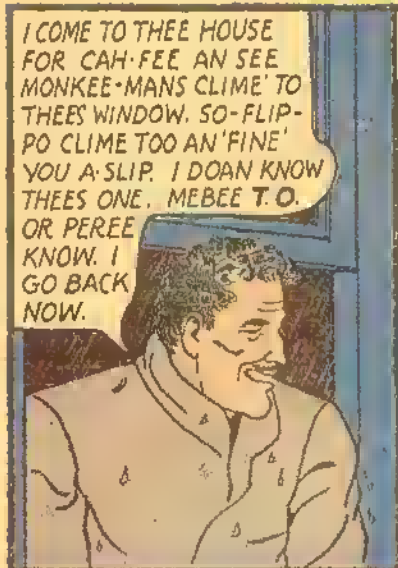
ODAN' WDREE ABOUT TIME. DRDP THEE KNIFE. SD. NDW TAK' THEES HAT. SQUEEZE THEE WATAIR. ON FREN' GUS THERE.



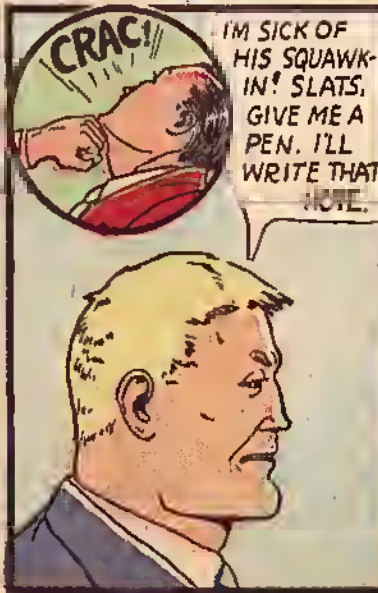
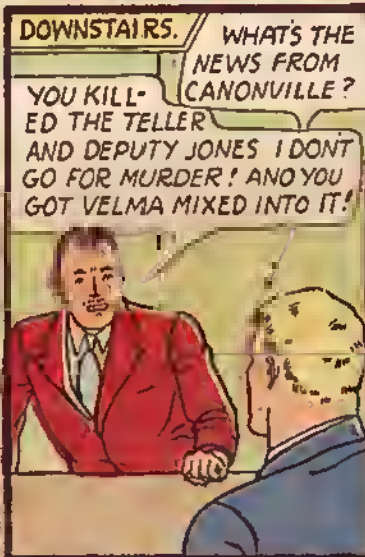
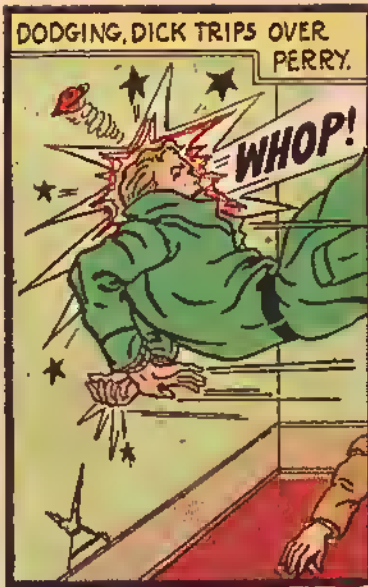
THE COLD WATER BRINGS GUS TO

WHA-A! MY JAWR! HEY, FLIP! WHAT YOU DOIN' HERE? WHD'S THIS BIRD?







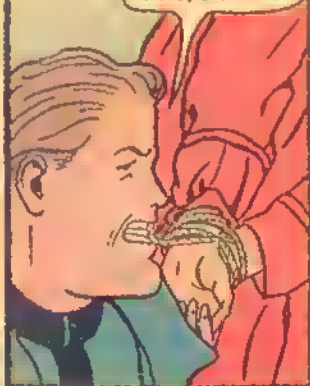




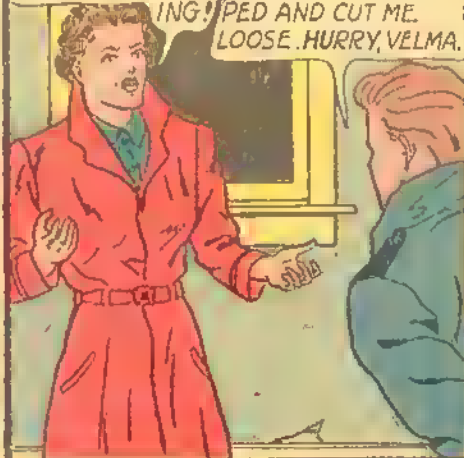


ALL THIS TIME DICK HAS BEEN BUSY.

I THINK-  
THE KNOTS ARE-LOOSEN-  
ING....THERE! GIVE A  
TUG, VELMA.



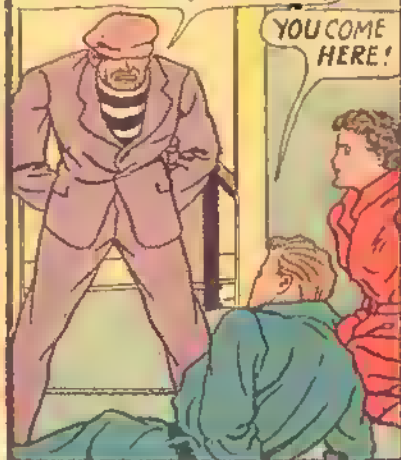
OO-OH! I'M FREE!  
BUT- MY HANDS  
HAVE NO FEEL-  
ING! THAT WILL PASS.  
MEANWHILE FIND  
THE KNIFE I DROP-  
PED AND CUT ME.  
LOOSE. HURRY, VELMA.



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS. QUICK-  
LY VELMA HIDES HER HANDS BE-  
HIND HER BACK.

STILL TIED, I  
SEE. GENERAL, COME HERE!

YOU COME  
HERE!

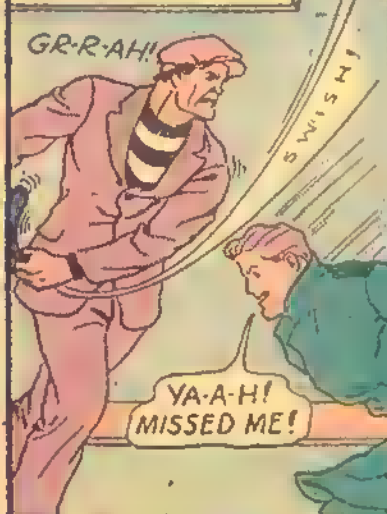


GUS RUSHES-SWINGS-

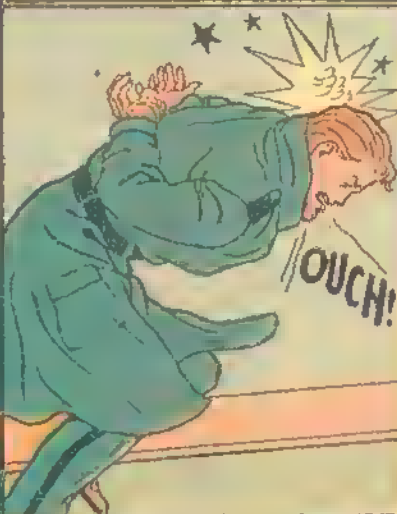
GR-R-AH!

SWISH!

YA-A-H!  
MISSED ME!



THE NEXT BLOW STAGGERS DICK.



POCI!

YOU  
BRUTE!



YOU SHE-CAT!

OUCH!

THUP!



HEY!

TUNK!

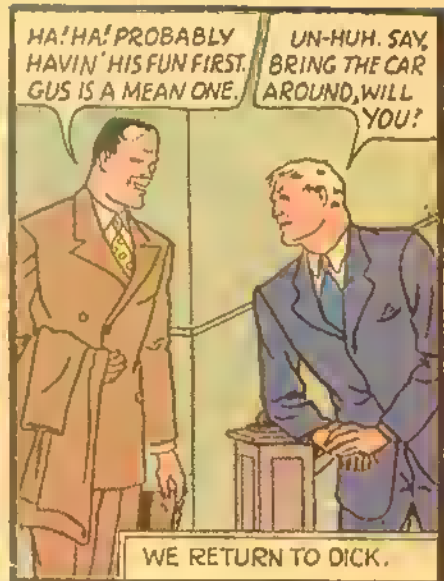
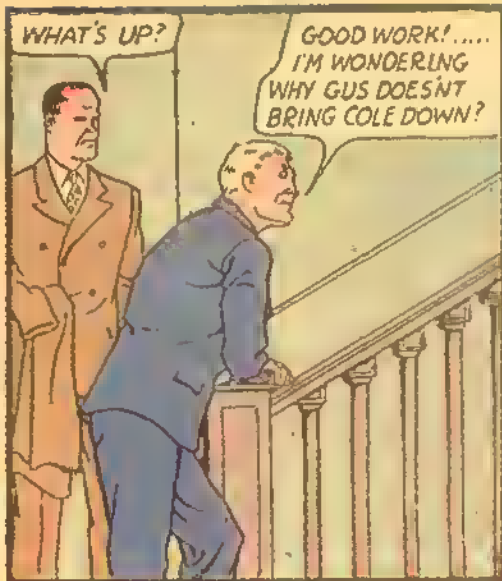


CRANG!

AND WHAT OF SLATS AND T.O.?



AFTER SHOOTING HERB AND FLIPPO, SLATS RETURNS TO THE HOUSE TO FIND T.O. AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS. THE STORM HAS INCREASED ITS FURY AND ROCKS THE HOUSE WITH FIERCE GUSTS.





AS GUS FIRES, THERE IS A SICKENING LURCH. HE MISSES, AS THE HOUSE AND ITS OCCUPANTS ARE WHIRLED OUT ON TO A RAGING FLOOD.



A TREE HURTLES THROUGH THE WINDOW



VELMA! WE CAN USE THIS TREE TO THE ROOF! STEADY—



THREE MINUTES LATER  
OH, DICK! I'M SO AFRAID!



BUT WHAT ABOUT T.O. AND SLATS?

THE FIRST SHOCK FLINGS T.O. INTO THE HALL.



HE MAKES THE STAIRS AS WATER POURS IN—



—AND GAINS THE ROOF. THIS CHIMNEY ISN'T TOO SOLID.



SLATS IS AT THE BACK DOOR—A WAVE CRASHES IN AND—



WASHES HIM HIGH UP ON THE BACK STAIRS.

(GASP) I GOT (SPLUTTER) TO GET—HIGHER!



HE MAKES THE NEXT FLOOR AND OUT ON THE REAR PORCH ROOF.

THIS'LL HAVE TO DO FOR THE MOMENT.



AND THE INERT PERRY IS SWEEPED INTO THE HALL THUD! AGAINST THE BANNISTERS.



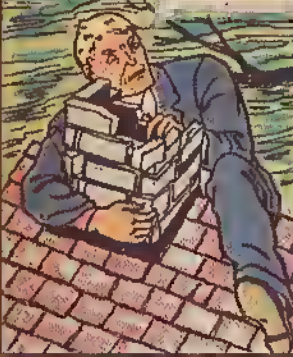
THE SHOCK AND THE ICY WATER BRING HIM TO.





A HUGE OAK SMASHES AGAINST THE HOUSE AND T.O.'S CHIMNEY CRUMBLES.

WHEW!  
I ALMOST WENT OVER!  
OHO! COMPANY! I'LL JOIN 'EM.



THERE'S NOT ROOM FOR THREE, COLE, SO—



DICK MEETS THE KILLER HALF WAY.

HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS, MEDDLER!



T.O. TRIES TO KNEE DICK, CATCHING THE LEG, DICK HEAVES AND—



DICK BOBS TO THE SURFACE, A CURRENT SWEEPS HIM BACK TO THE HOUSE.



FAR OUT AN ARM IS FLUNG HIGH— THEN, DISAPPEARS.



MEANWHILE THE HOUSE SINKS LOWER.

I GOT TO GET HIGHER!



MADE IT! HULLO! THAT'S VELMA! WHAT'S SHE UP TO?



DICK HAS STRUGGLED OUT OF THE WATER

VELMA! I CAN'T MAKE IT. MY RIGHT ARM IS USELESS!

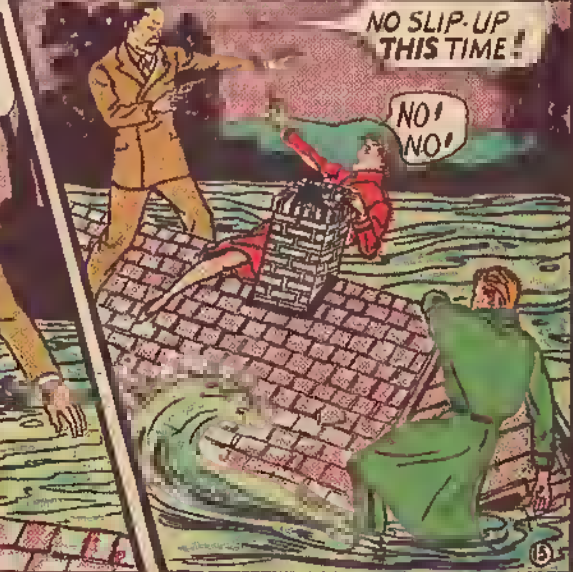
YOU MUST! SLATS IS ON THE ROOF! HERE HE COMES!

WELL! THE BOY HERO! I SEE GUS DIDN'T DO HIS JOB. I'LL DO IT!



NO SLIP-UP THIS TIME!

NO! NO!





AND WHAT OF PERRY?

WATER-GETTING HIGHER. GOT-TO-MOVE.



ON THE NEXT FLOOR

MUST REST...ALL-IN. WHAT'S THIS? HA! THE LOOT! WHAT A-JOKE!



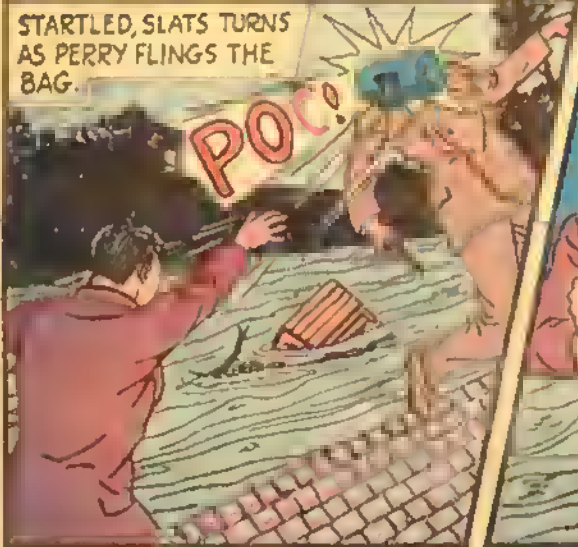
AH! HOLE IN-THE ROOF. I'LL-NEEOA CHAIR.



PERRY EMERGES ON THE ROOF JUST AS SLATS TAKES AIM AT DICK.



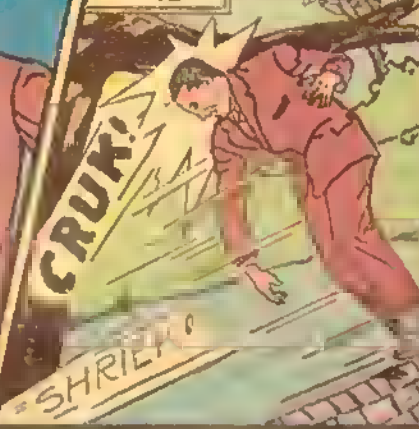
STARTLED, SLATS TURNS AS PERRY FLINGS THE BAG.



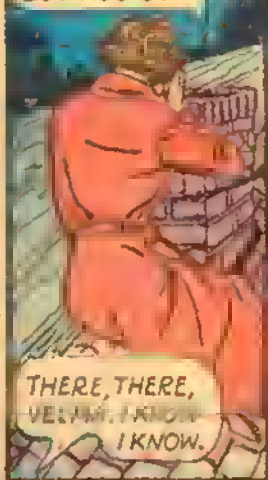
VELMA! HE'S GONE-YOU ARE SAFE! VEL



A TWISTING CURRENT CATAPULTS THE HOUSE UNDER AN OVER-HANGING TREE—



OH, DICK! (SOB) HE-PERRY (SOB) HE-HE-BOO-HOO-OO.



TEN MILES FARTHER DOWN THE BATTERED HOUSE LODGES ON A BAR AND SOMETIME LATER A BOAT RESCUES DICK AND VELMA.

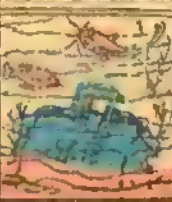


THAT EVENING IN THE VANCE HOME. IT'S TOO BAD YOU DISLOCATED YOUR SHOULDER, DICK. VELMA IS SUFFERING FROM EXPOSURE. REST WILL CURE THAT. I AM ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR HER RESCUE...AND PROUD OF THE WAY YOU CARRIED ON IN TRUE FARR TRADITION!



THANK YOU, SIR.

BOYS! GIRLS! DICK COLE IS PROUD OF THE WAY YOU ARE CARRYING ON BUYING BONDS AND WAR STAMPS! AND NOW IS THE TIME TO RECOGNIZE YOUR EFFORTS.

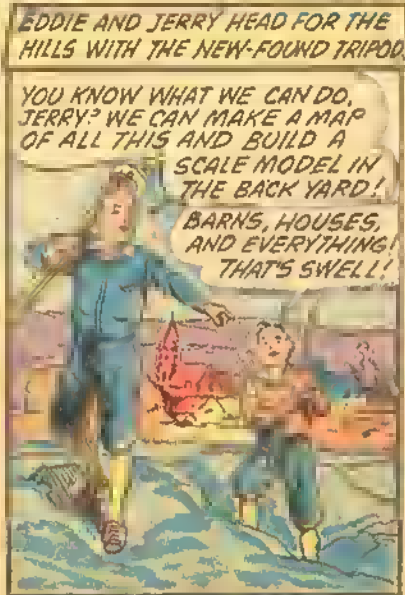


# EDISON

# BELL



"SPRING-SPRING-BEAUTIFUL SPRING!" AND THAT MEANS HOUSECLEANING TO EDDIE AND JERRY WHO HAVE BEEN DRAFTED INTO DOMESTIC SERVICE. HOWEVER, THE BOYS CAN FIND ADVENTURE IN ANYTHING EVEN THE YEAR'S COLLECTION OF JUNK!

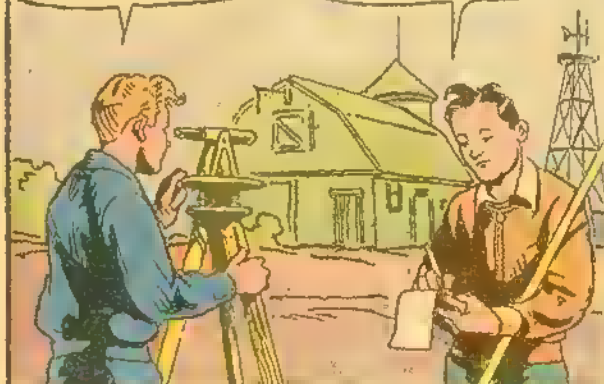




THE MAP MAKING PROGRESSES WITHOUT INCIDENT...

THIS IS THE LAST FARM IN THE AREA WE WANT, JERRY!

YUP! NOW WE CAN GO BACK AND START BUILDING IT!

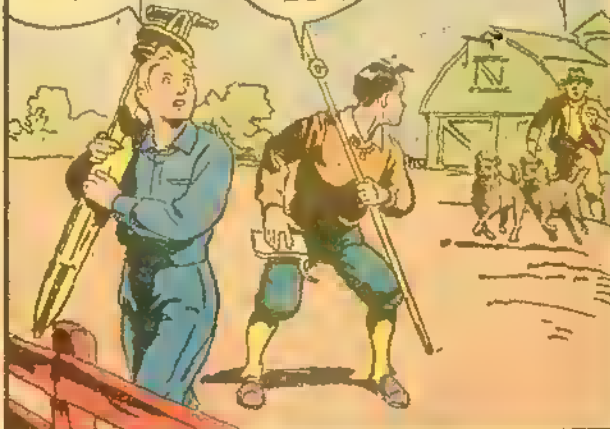


--UNTIL--

RIGHT! I'D LIKE TO GET AT--

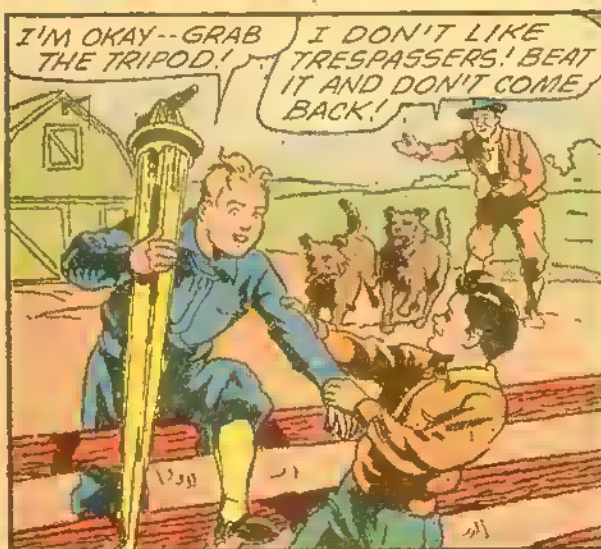
HEY--- DOGS! RUN, ED!

SIC 'EM!



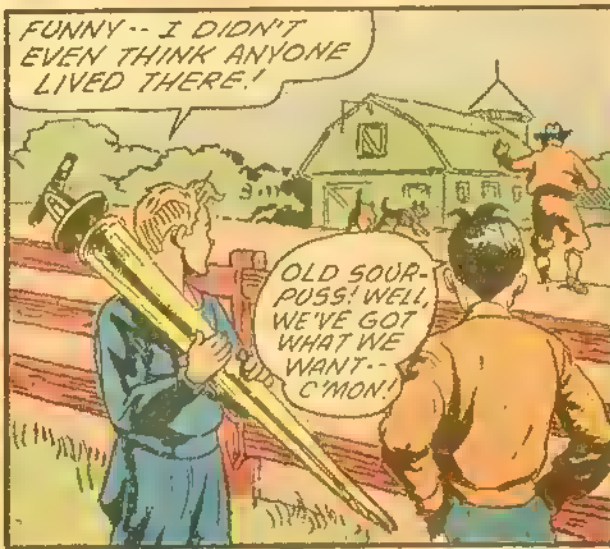
I'M OKAY--GRAB THE TRIPOD!

I DON'T LIKE TRESPASSERS! BEAT IT AND DON'T COME BACK!



FUNNY-- I DIDN'T EVEN THINK ANYONE LIVED THERE!

OLD SOUR-PUSS! WELL, WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANT-- C'MON!



# GENERAL STORE MODEL

SCRAP WOOD

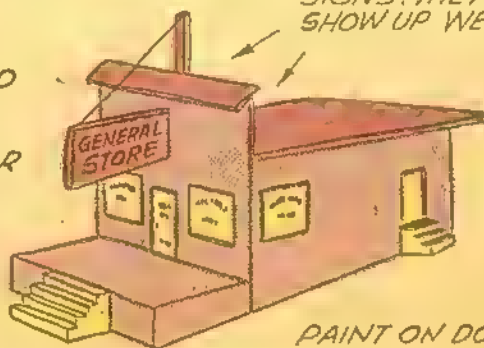
EASY TO MAKE... AND IT ADDS A TOUCH OF REAL COLOR TO YOUR MODEL VILLAGE!

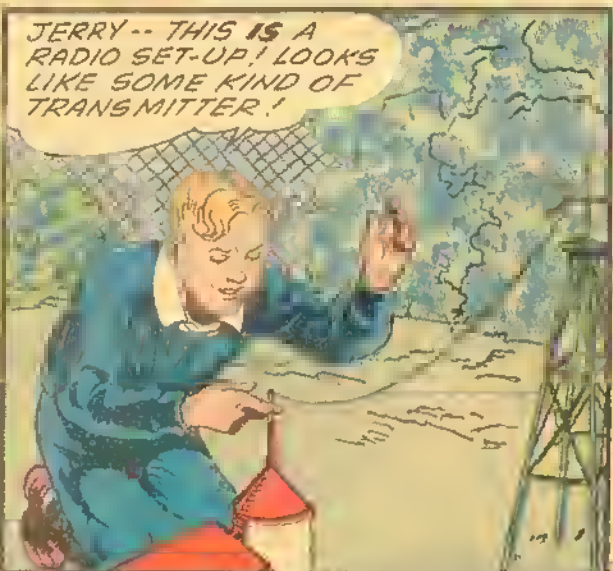
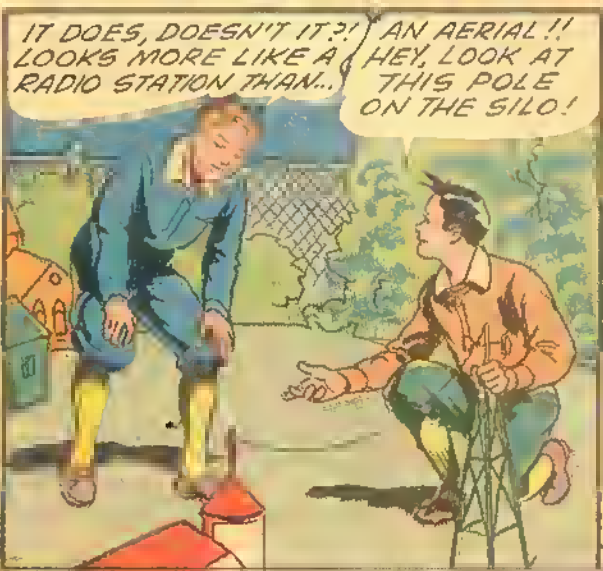
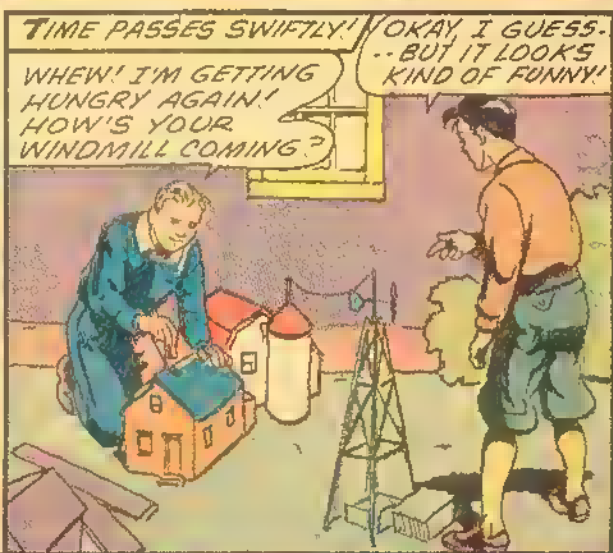
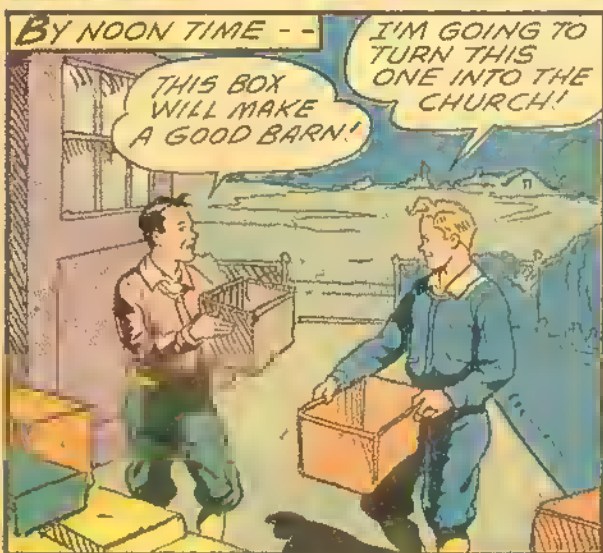
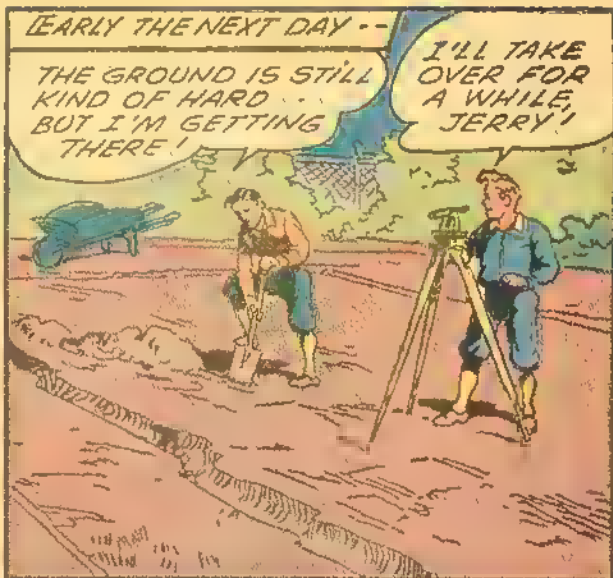
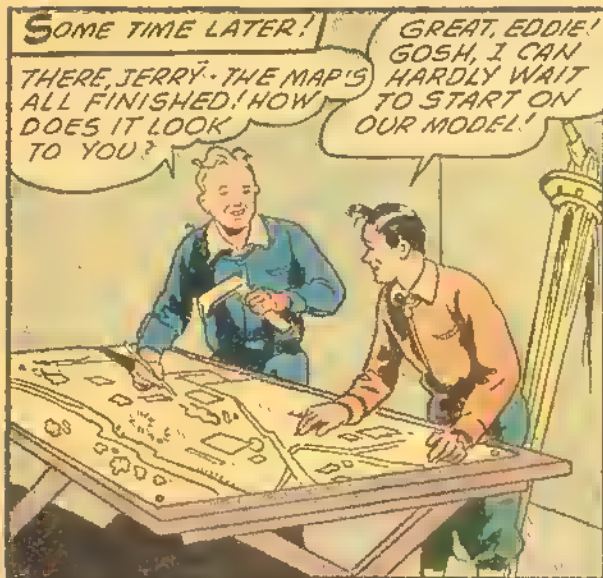
SAW SLANT CUT IN SOAP BOX AS SHOWN ABOVE

BLOCK OF WOOD FOR PORCH

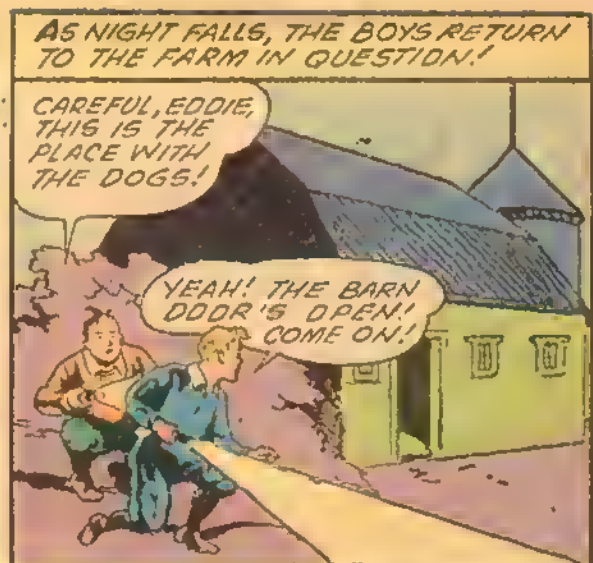
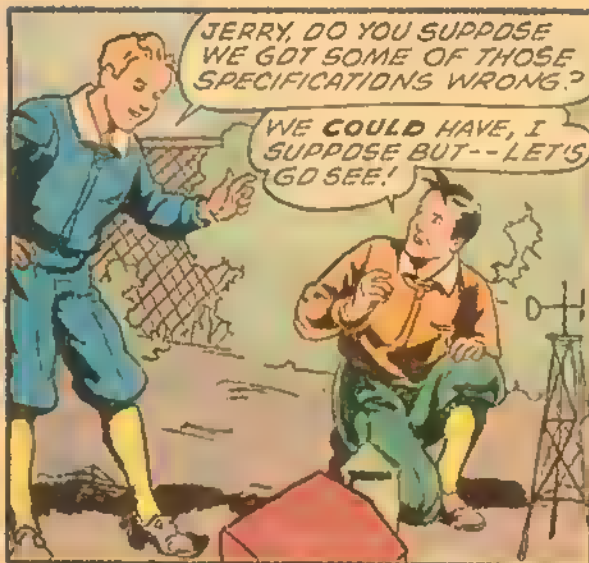
CAREFULLY LETTER SMALL SIGNS. THEY'LL SHOW UP WELL!

PAINT ON DOORS AND WINDOWS





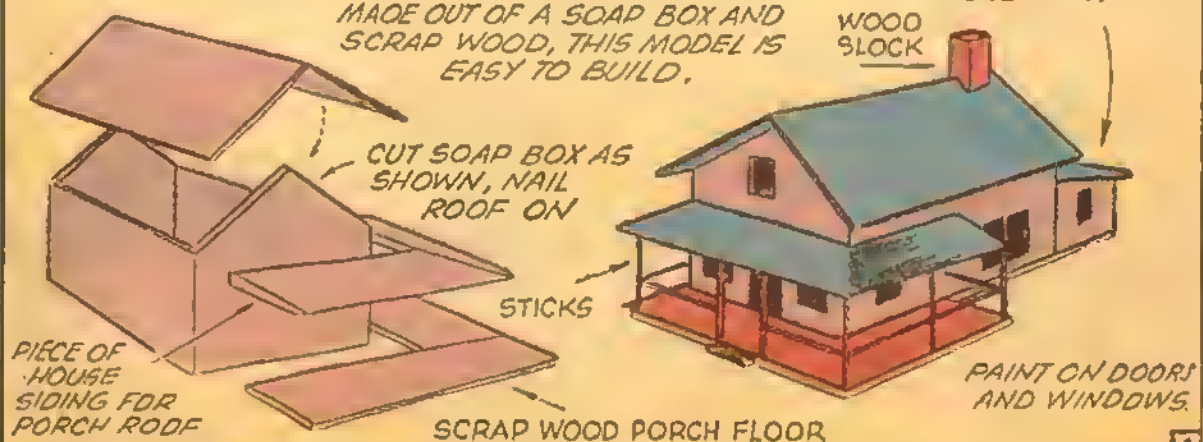


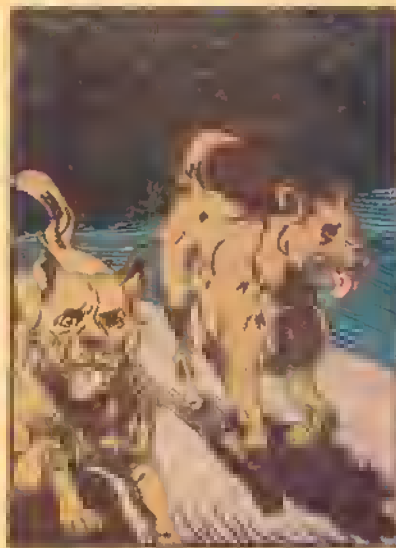
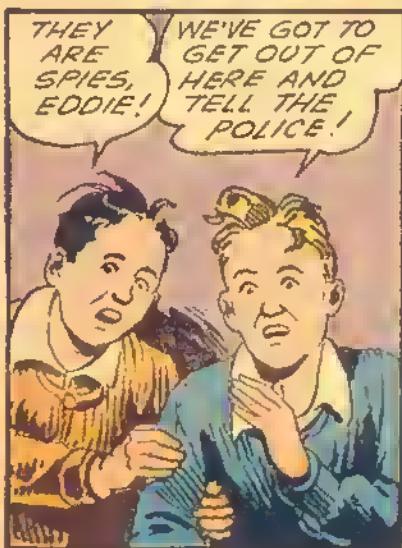
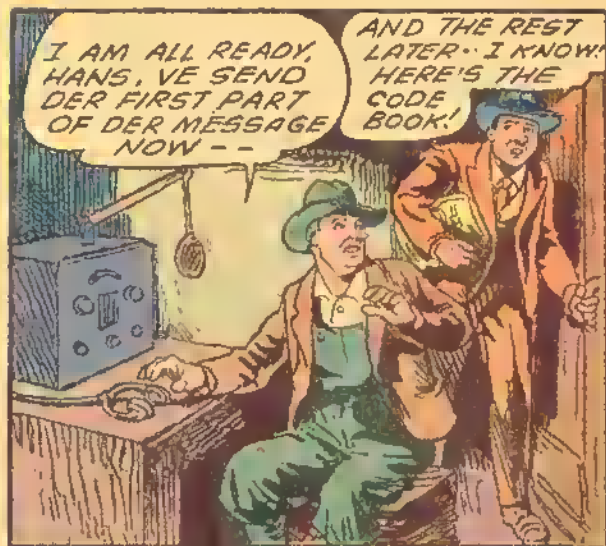
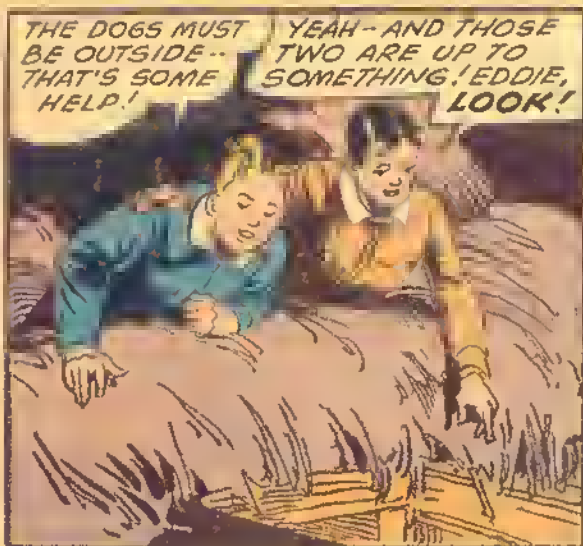


## FARM HOUSE MODEL

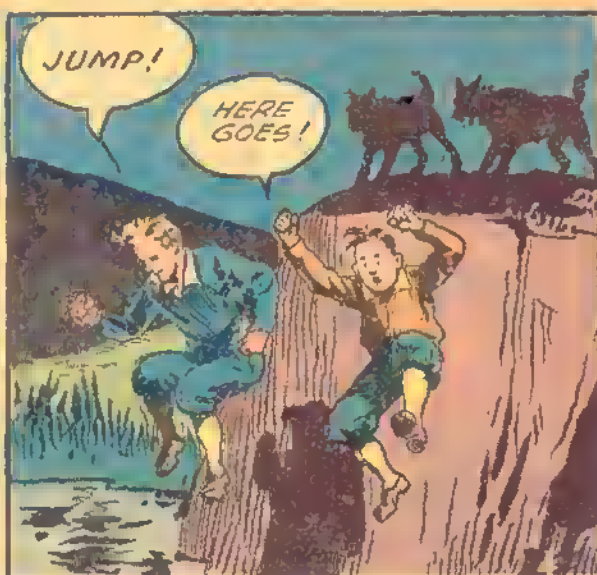
MADE OUT OF A SOAP BOX AND SCRAP WOOD, THIS MODEL IS EASY TO BUILD.

REAR EXTENSION IS MADE OUT OF EMPTY CHEESE BOX





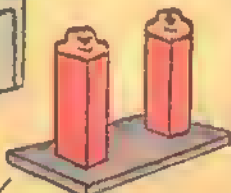




## COUNTRY GAS STATION MODEL



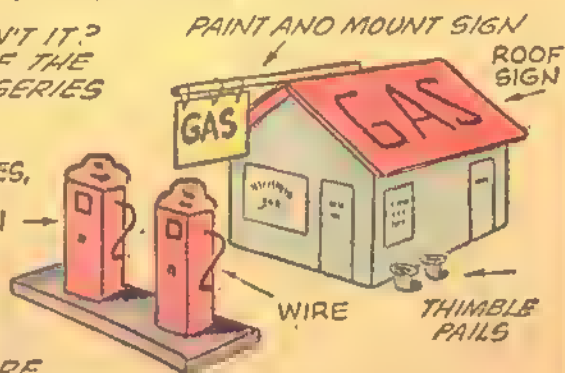
SMALL BOX  
CUT AS SHOWN  
ABOVE. SCRAP  
WOOD ROOF

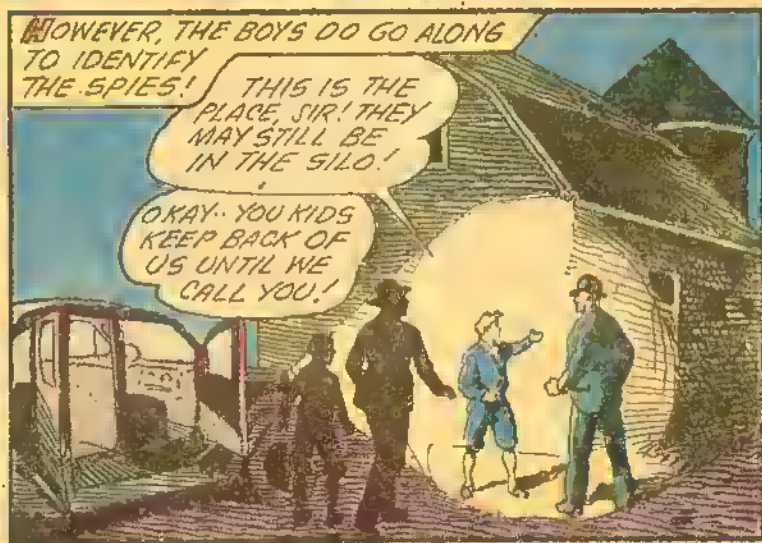
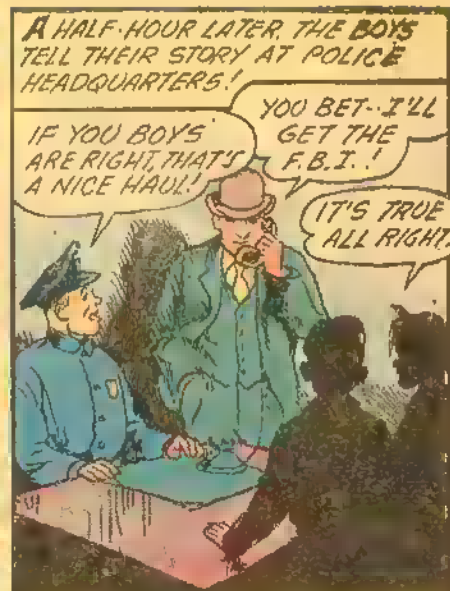


LOOKS GOOD, DOESN'T IT?  
... AND IT'S ONE OF THE  
EASIEST IN THIS SERIES  
TO BUILD!

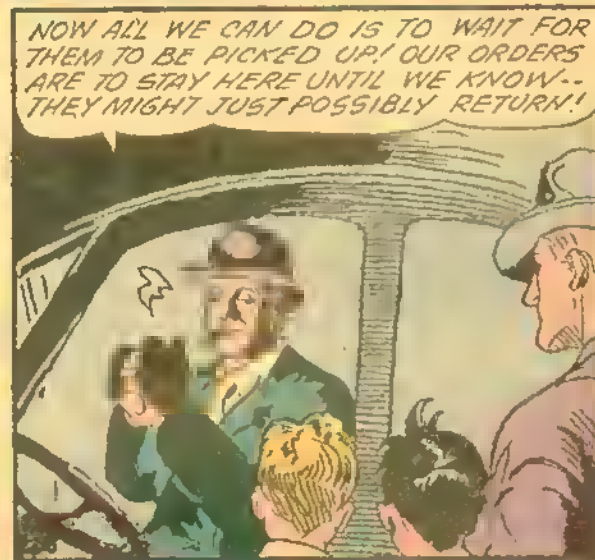
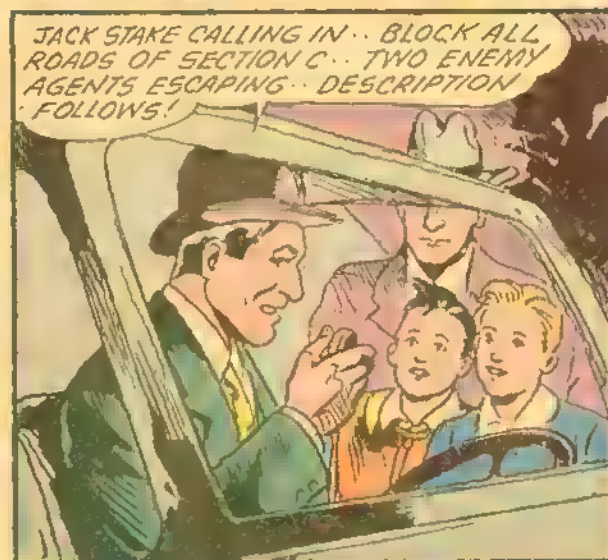
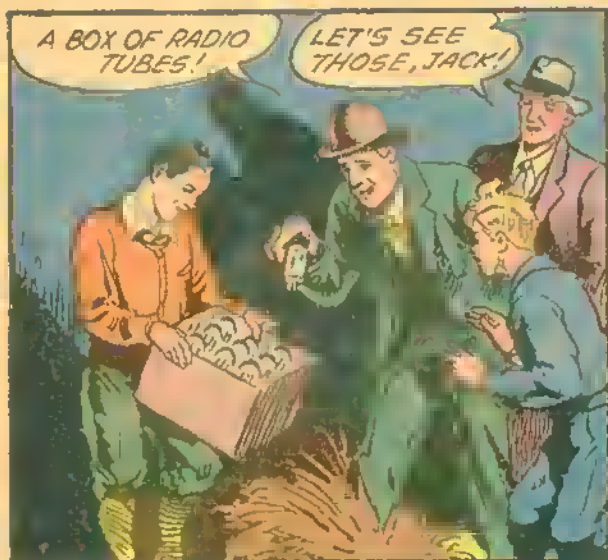
ADD HOSES,  
ETC. AND  
PAINT ON  
DIALS

THE GAS PUMPS ARE  
SIMPLY EMPTY TALCUM  
POWDER CANS MOUNTED  
ON A FLAT BOARD.

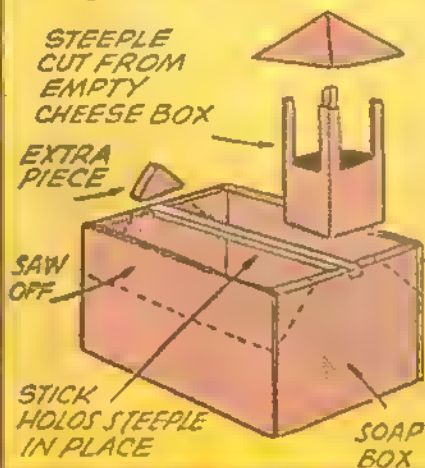




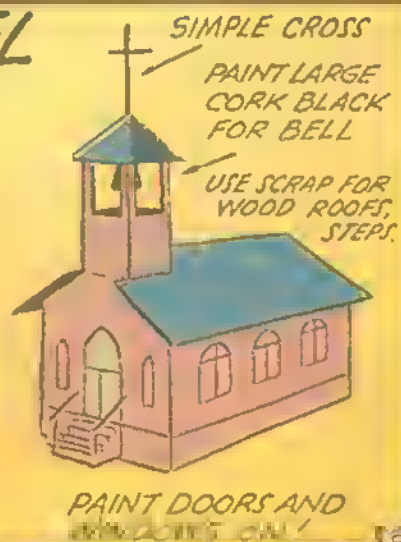




## COUNTRY CHURCH MODEL



THIS GOOD LOOKING, LARGE SIZE MODEL OF A TYPICAL AMERICAN COUNTRY CHURCH IS BOTH EASY TO BUILD AND FUN TO OWN! FOLLOW EDDIE'S PLAN IN THE STORY ABOVE--AND MAKE A MODEL VILLAGE IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD!



WAITING. MINUTES SEEM LIKE HOURS--SUDDENLY...

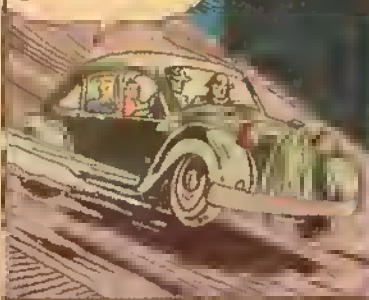
CALLING JACK STAKE! TWO MEN ANSWERING YOUR DESCRIPTION ARE HELD AT KELLY JUNCTION FOR IDENTIFICATION--GET RIGHT OVER THERE!



WHAT'S THE SHORTEST WAY TO THE JUNCTION, BILL?

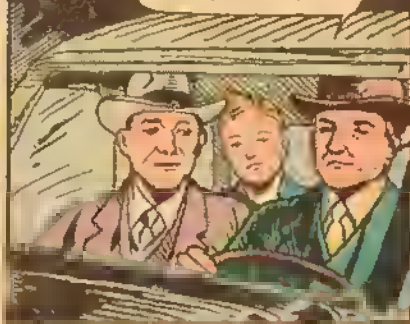
TAKE ROUTE 92 A TO...

BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I KNOW A SHORT CUT!



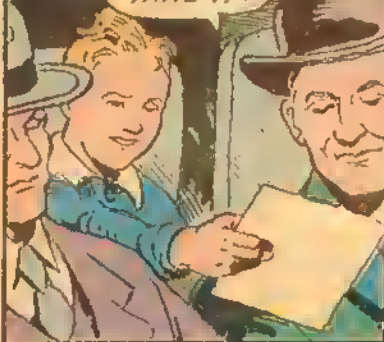
MM...MAYBE WE'D BETTER STICK TO THE MAIN ROAD--WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE TIME NOW!

IT MIGHT BE WORTH A TRY, THOUGH--WHERE IS THIS CUT, KID?



HERE'S A ROUGH SKETCH... YOU SEE, JERRY AND I MAPPED OUT ALL THIS SECTION YESTERDAY!

LOOKS OKAY TO ME, BILL--WE'LL TAKE IT!



AND LATER, AT KELLY JUNCTION--

GLAD YOU GOT HERE--WELL, ARE THESE THE MEN?

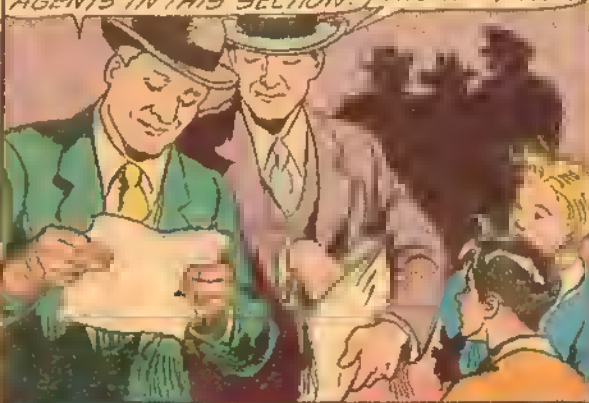
EDDIE..JERRY! COME HERE! ARE THEY THE FELLOWS?

YES, SIR--THEY ARE!



A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE CAR REVEALS--WELL, WHAT A FIND! AN INCOMPLETE MESSAGE TO BERLIN IN CODE... AND A COMPLETE LIST OF THE AGENTS IN THIS SECTION!

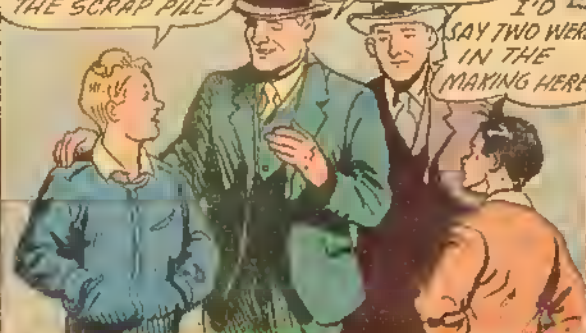
YOU BOYS CAN BE PRETTY PROUD OF THIS NIGHT'S WORK!



AND THIS MORNING I FELT GUILTY 'CAUSE I KEPT THAT SURVEYING OUTFIT OUT OF THE SCRAP PILE!

I HAVE A HUNCH UNCLE SAM NEEDS GOOD MAP MAKERS MORE, EDDIE!

I'D SAY TWO WERE IN THE MAKING HERE!



EDISON BELL AND JERRY WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF 4MOST COMICS WITH ANOTHER FOREMOST ADVENTURE! MORE SWELL GADGETS, TOO!



# EDDIE BELL'S BACKYARD VILLAGE

ON THE BOTTOMS OF SOME OF THE PAGES IN THE PRECEDING STORY, EDDIE SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE A CHURCH, A HOME, A GAS STATION, AND A COUNTRY STORE. HERE HE SHOWS US HOW TO MAKE A FEW OF THE BUILDINGS ON A FARM!

THE BARN IS MADE OUT OF A LARGE SOAP BOX, THE ROOF BEING MADE OF SCRAP SIDES FROM OTHER BOXES.

By E. Bell

SILO IS MADE OF LONG CARDBOARD TUBING.

SIMPLE CARD-BOARD SILO ROOF

SIMPLE WIND VANE, TURNS IN BREEZE

WIND VANE

HAY LOFT

CORK "VENTILATORS"

BUILT UP OF LONG STICKS, GLUED TOGETHER

DOORS AND WINDOWS PAINTED ON

FENCE MADE OF THIN BRANCHES

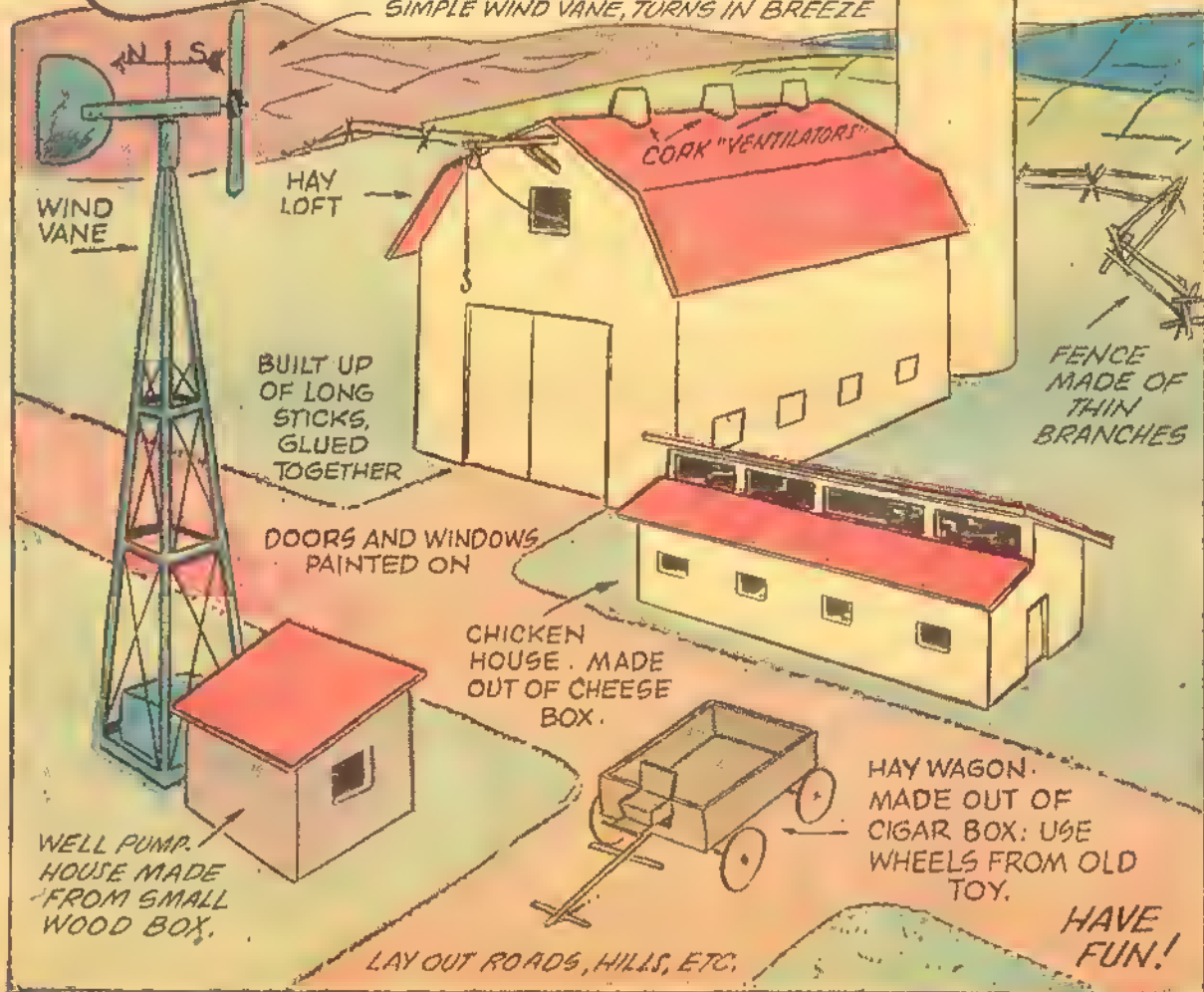
CHICKEN HOUSE. MADE OUT OF CHEESE BOX.

WELL PUMP. HOUSE MADE FROM SMALL WOOD BOX.

HAY WAGON. MADE OUT OF CIGAR BOX: USE WHEELS FROM OLD TOY.

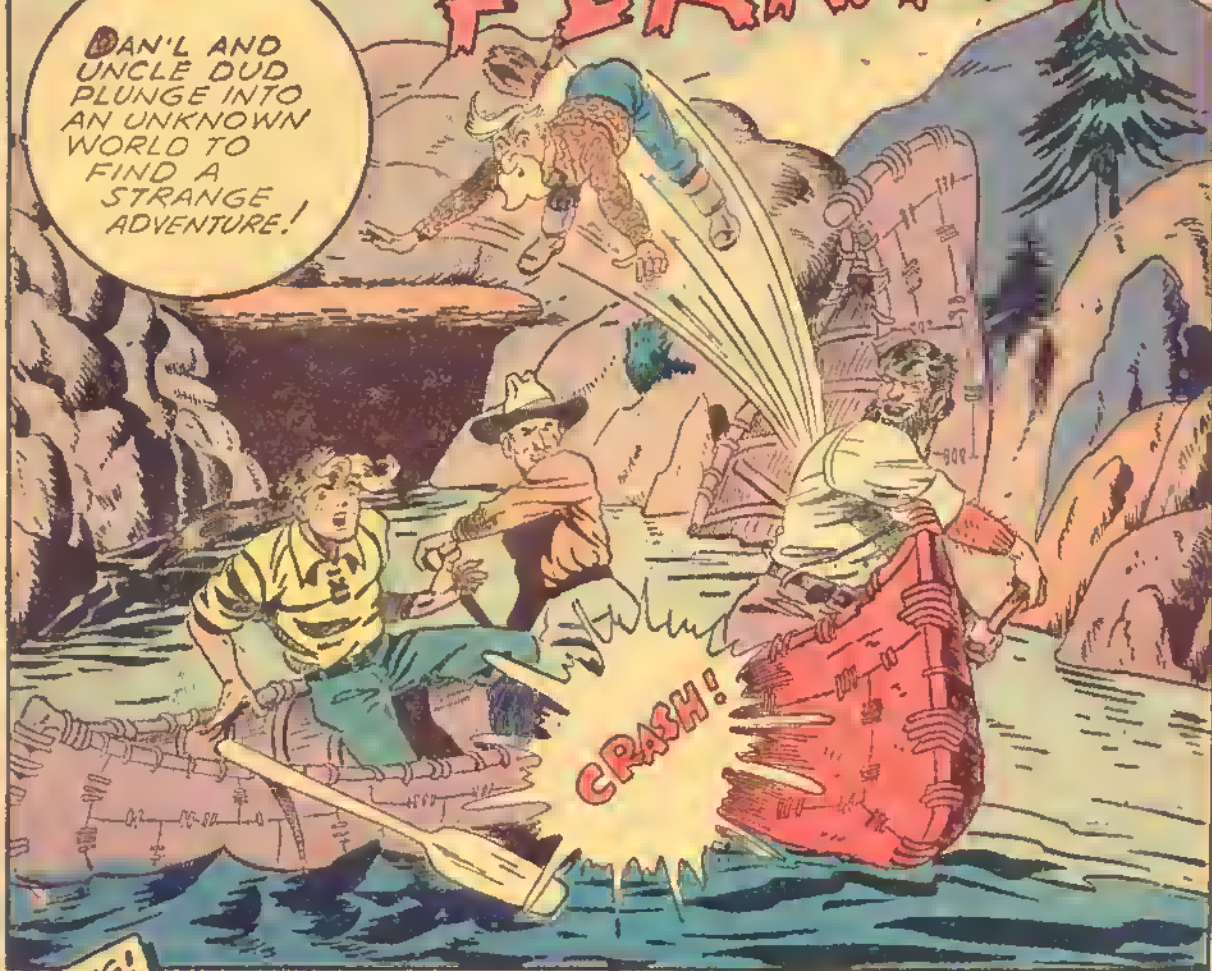
LAY OUT ROADS, HILLS, ETC.

HAVE FUN!



# DAN'L FLANNEL

DAN'L AND  
UNCLE DUD  
PLUNGE INTO  
AN UNKNOWN  
WORLD TO  
FIND A  
STRANGE  
ADVENTURE!



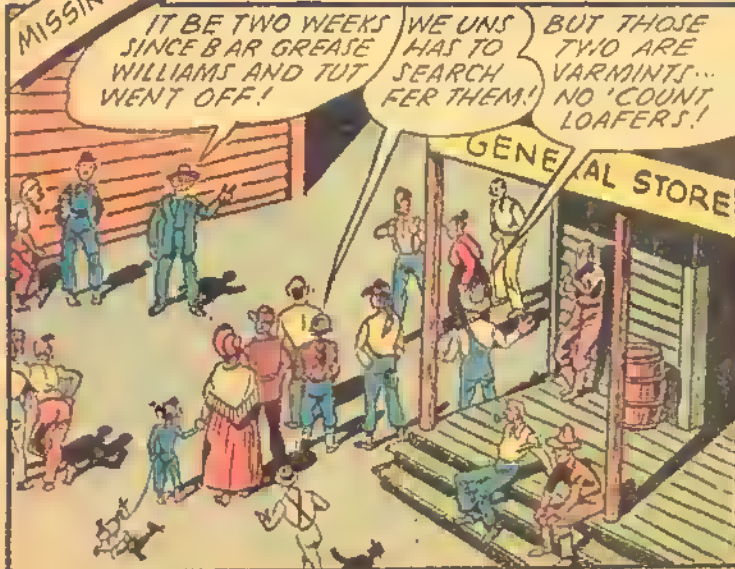
MISSING!

IT BE TWO WEEKS  
SINCE BAR GREASE  
WILLIAMS AND TUT  
WENT OFF!

WE UNS  
HAS TO  
SEARCH  
FER THEM!

BUT THOSE  
TWO ARE  
VARMINTS...  
NO 'COUNT  
LOAFERS!

GENE  
AL STORE



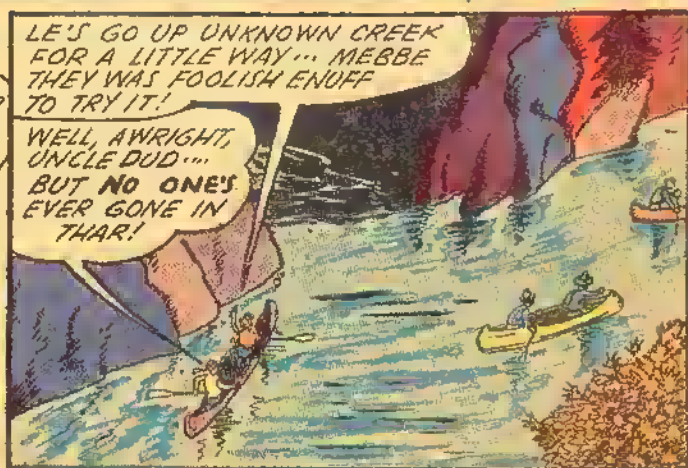
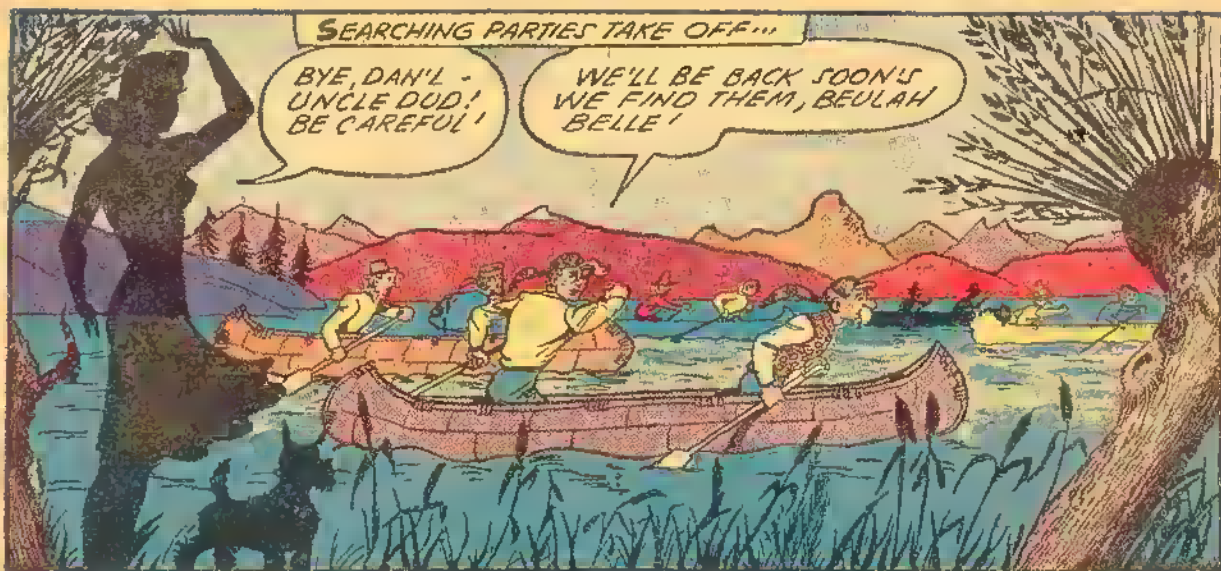
JUS' TH' SAME,  
THEY'S HUMAN  
BEIN'S  
LIKE US!

AN' THE  
GOOD  
BOOK  
SAYS WE  
HAS TO SEND  
OUT SEARCHIN'  
PARTIES FER  
THEM!

THA'S  
RIGHT!  
AH'M  
SORRY!







JEEHOSOPHAT!  
WE'RE GOIN' INTO  
THAT TUNNEL!



WE CAINT  
STOP NOWH!



INSIDE ...

DAN'L,  
KIN,  
YO'  
SEE?

NARY A  
THING!  
AH JUS'  
HOPES WE  
DON'T HIT  
SOMETHIN'!

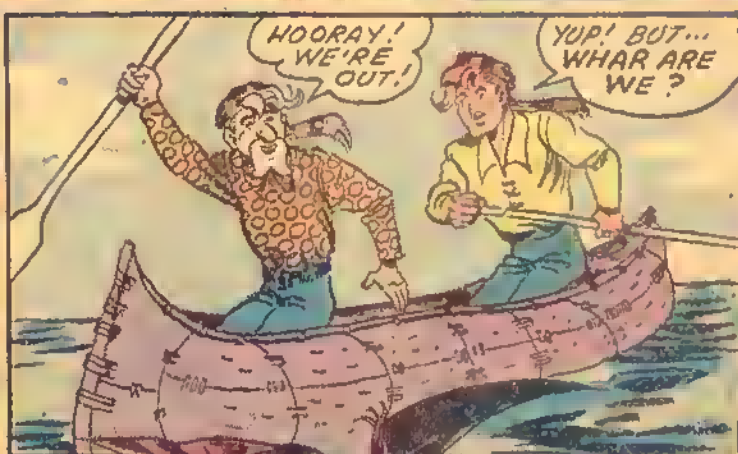
WE'RE NOT  
GOIN' SO  
FAST NOW!

AN' THAR'S A  
LIGHT UP  
AHEAD!



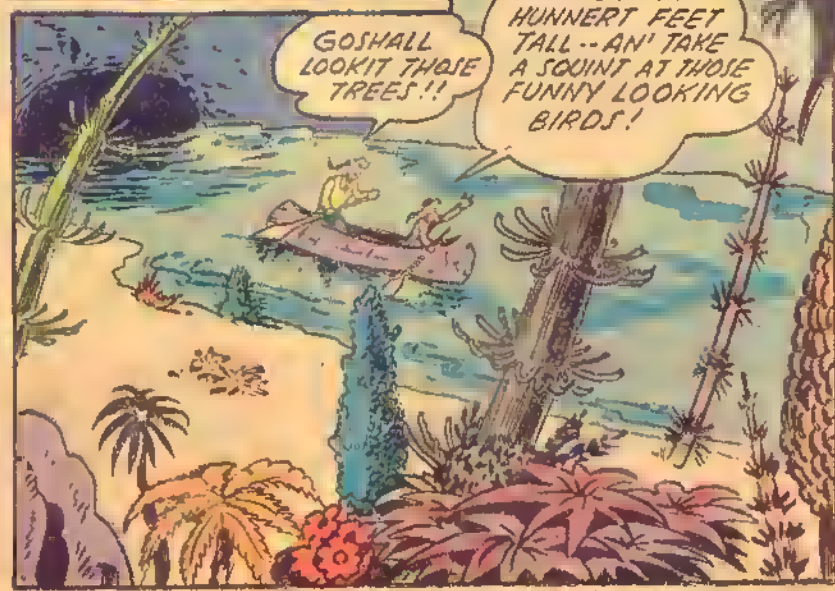
HOORAY!  
WE'RE  
OUT!

YUP! BUT...  
WHAR ARE  
WE?



GOSHALL  
LOOKIT THOSE  
TREES!!

MUS' BE A  
HUNNERT FEET  
TALL -- AN' TAKE  
A SQUINT AT THOSE  
FUNNY LOOKING  
BIRDS!



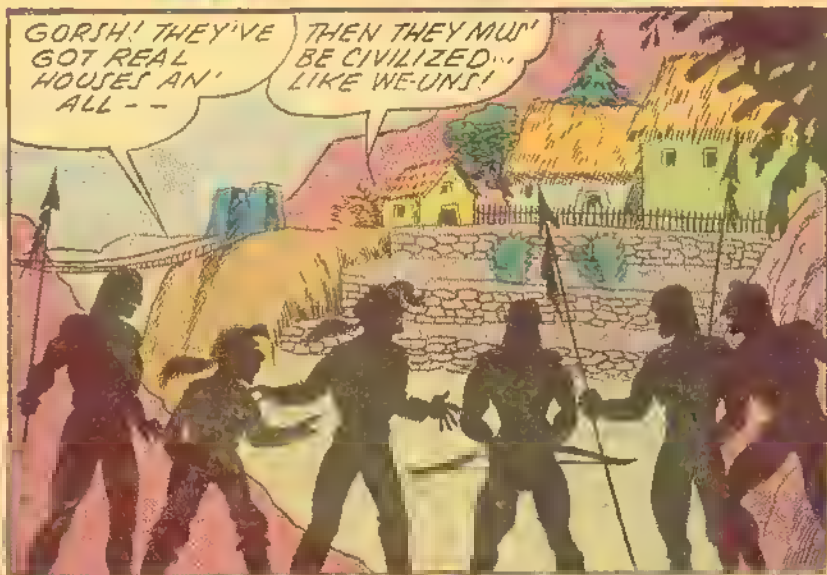
DAN'L,  
LISTEN!  
HEAR  
THET?

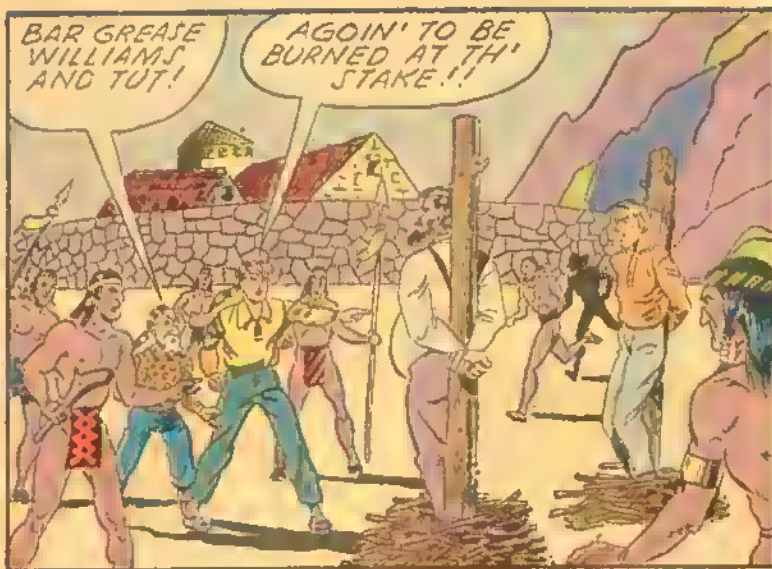
SOUNDS  
LIKE DRUMS!  
COULDN'T BE  
INJUNS, COULD  
IT? LE'S GO  
TO SHORE,  
UNCLE!

THUMP  
THUMP  
THUMP









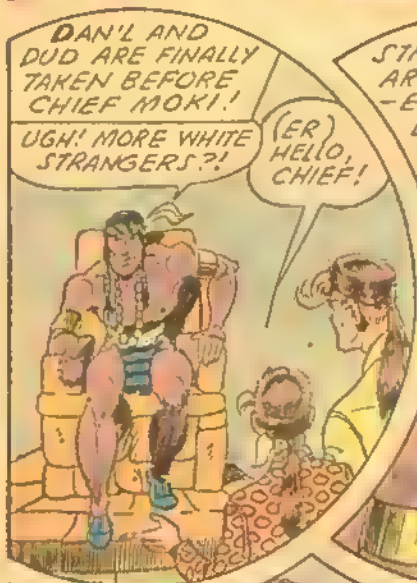
BAR GREASE  
WILLIAMS  
AND TUT!

AGOIN' TO BE  
BURNED AT TH'  
STAKE!!



YASS, DAN'L...  
AN' THA'S  
WHUT THEY'LL  
DO TO YOU,  
TOO!

(GULP) BUT  
THESE  
INJUNS  
ARE  
CIVILIZED!



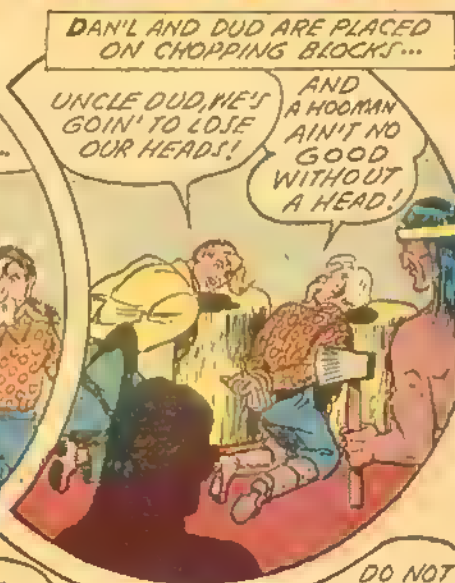
DAN'L AND  
DUD ARE FINALLY  
TAKEN BEFORE  
CHIEF MOKI!

UGH! MORE WHITE  
STRANGERS?!

(ER) HELLO,  
CHIEF!

ALL  
STRANGERS  
ARE OUR ENEMIES  
- ENEMY MUST  
DIE! TAKE  
THEM  
AWAY!

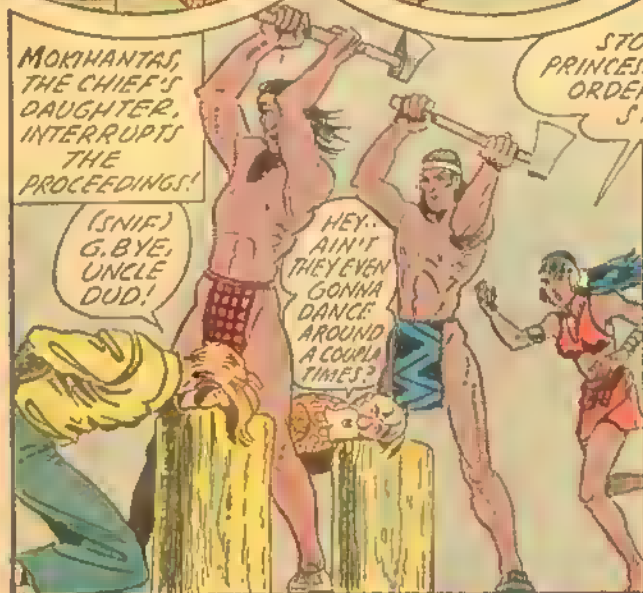
BUT  
CHIEF...



DAN'L AND DUD ARE PLACED  
ON CHOPPING BLOCKS...

UNCLE DUD, HE'S  
GOIN' TO LOSE  
OUR HEADS!

AND  
A HOOMAN  
AIN'T NO  
GOOD  
WITHOUT  
A HEAD!



MOKIHANTAS,  
THE CHIEF'S  
DAUGHTER,  
INTERRUPTS  
THE  
PROCEEDINGS!

(SNIF)  
G. BYE,  
UNCLE  
DUD!

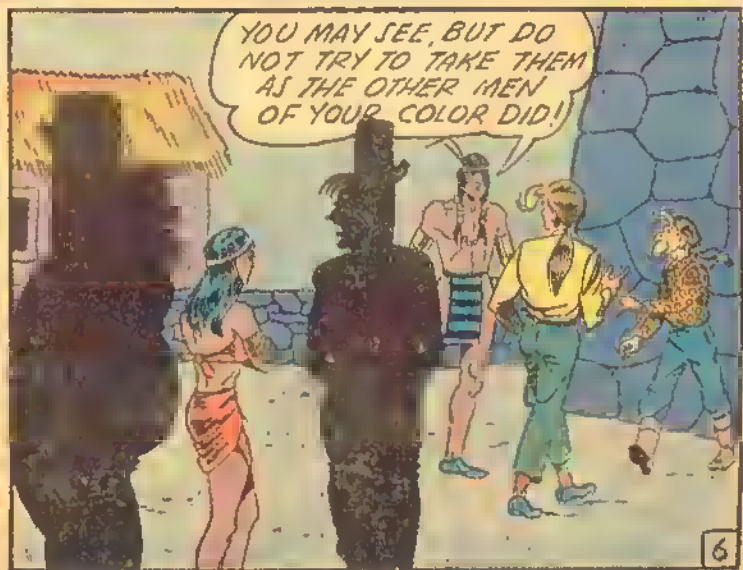
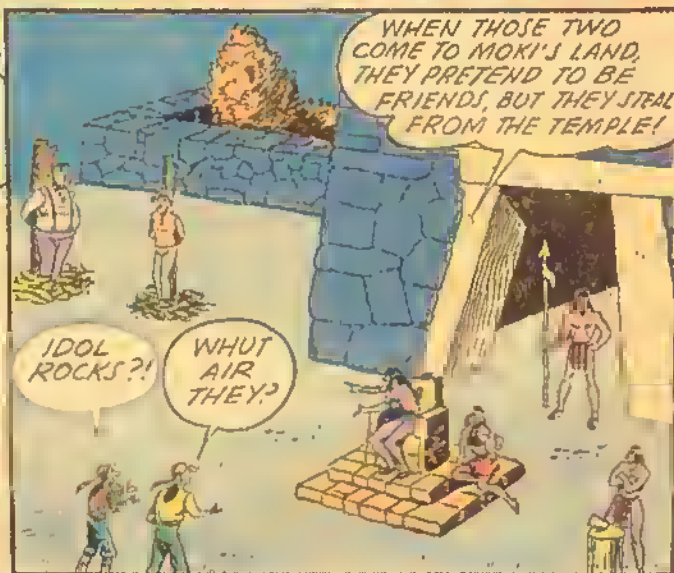
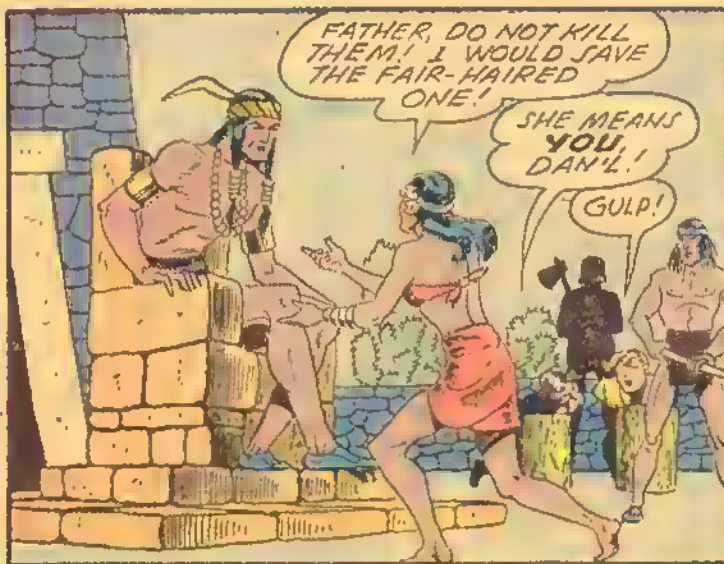
HEY...  
AIN'T THEY EVEN  
GONNA  
DANCE  
AROUND  
A COUPLA  
TIMES?

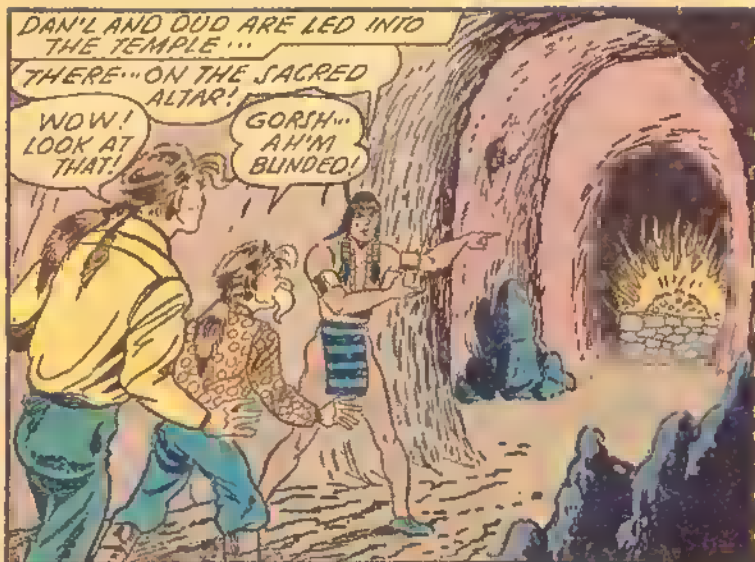
WAIT--  
STOP! I,  
PRINCESS MOKIHANTAS,  
ORDER YOU TO  
STOP!



DO NOT  
KILL THEM  
UNTIL I HAVE  
WORDS WITH  
MY  
FATHER!







DAN'L AND DUD ARE LED INTO THE TEMPLE...  
THERE... ON THE SACRED ALTAR!

WOW! LOOK AT THAT!

GORSH... AH'M BLINDED!



UNCLE DUD... NO WONDER THESE ARE SOLID GOLD NUGGETS!

THOSE VARMINTS TRIED TO STEAL 'EM!



GORSH, CHIEF, YOU SHOULDN'T LEAVE THIS STUFF LYIN' AROUND IN TH' OPEN THETAWAY!

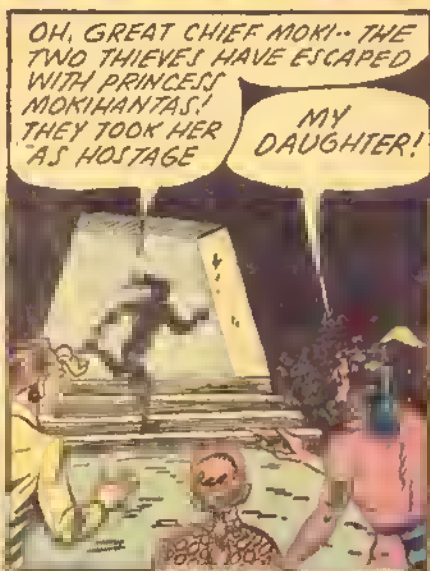
THAT'S RIGHT!



A SUDDEN DISTURBANCE FROM OUTSIDE...

SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHIN' MUST'VE HAPPENED OUTSIDE!

MUCH NOISE AND CONFUSION TAKE PLACE!



OH, GREAT CHIEF MOKI... THE TWO THIEVES HAVE ESCAPED WITH PRINCESS MOKIHANTAS! THEY TOOK HER AS HOSTAGE

MY DAUGHTER!



THIEVES SAY TO LOAD CANDE WITH IDOL ROCKS AND LET THEM GO... THEN THEY FREE PRINCESS MOKIHANTAS!



IT MUST BE DONE!

WE'S GOT TO HELP, TOO, UNCLE DUD... TH' PRINCESS SAVED OUR LIVES!

THAT'S RIGHT... BUT HOW KIN WE HELP... WE AIN'T GOT NO GOLD!

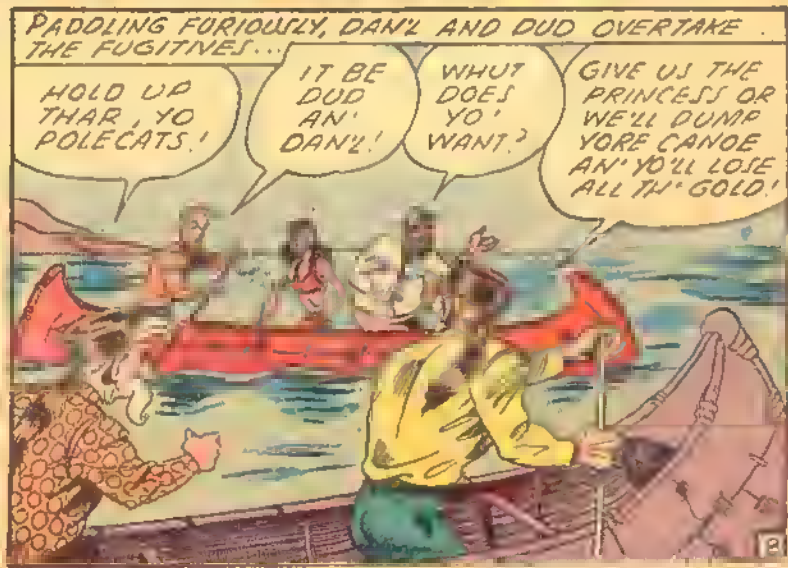
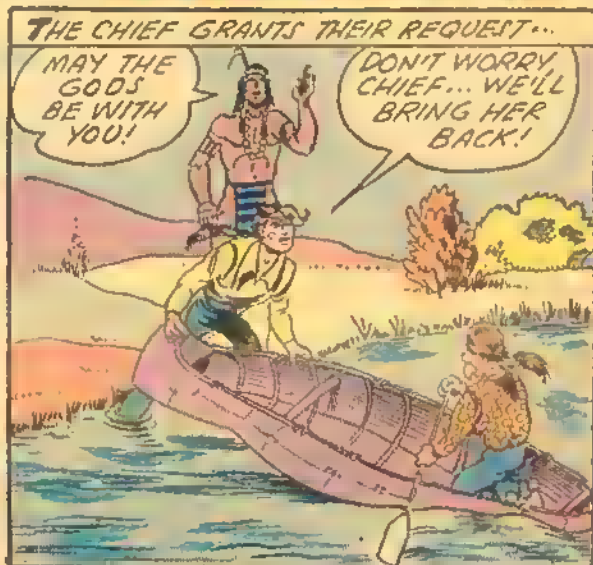


MEANWHILE...

HA-HA-HA! HOLO STILL, MY DOVE!

LET ME GO, YOU BRUTE!

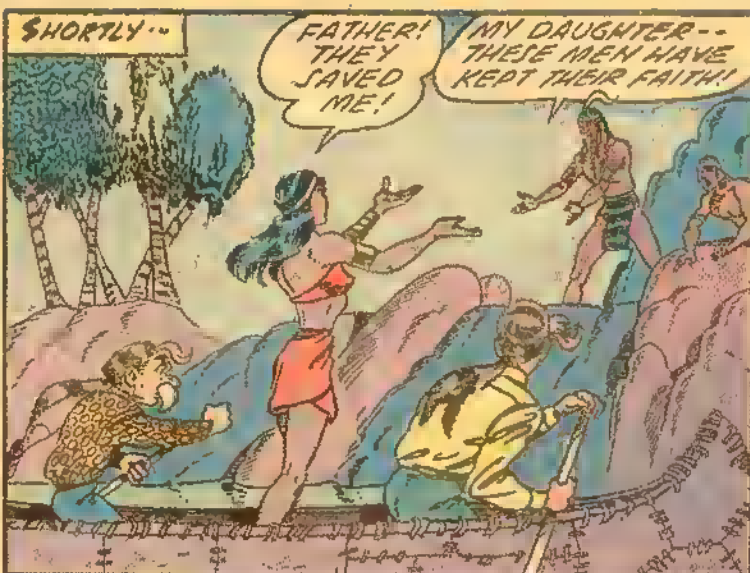






SHECKS, YO' KIN  
TAKE HER IF IN  
THAT'S ALL YO'  
TAKES!

OH--! I'M  
SAVED!



SHORTLY--

FATHER!  
THEY  
SAVED  
ME!

MY DAUGHTER--  
THESE MEN HAVE  
KEPT THEIR FAITH!



I KNEW THE  
FAIR-HAIRED  
ONE WAS  
GOOD!

HE HAS INDEED  
DONE US A  
GREAT KINDNESS  
TODAY!

YOU ARE FREE TO LEAVE  
NOW -- AFTER YOU GO,  
I SHALL HAVE THE  
TUNNEL SEALED --  
THEN, NO MORE  
WILL THE WHITE  
MAN BOTHER  
US!

THANKS,  
CHIEF!  
YO'RE  
REG'LAR!



WAIT!

UH-OH! AH  
KNEW  
THAR'D  
BE A  
HITCH!

WHUT?



HERE IS GIFT OF  
SPECIAL IDOL  
ROCK AS  
REWARD!  
NOW,  
GO IN  
PEACE!

WOW!  
THANKS  
CHIEF!

THE TWO  
DEPART AS  
THEY CAME...

GOOD BYE!  
(SNIFF)  
DAN'L!

(GULP)  
G'BYE,  
MOKIHANTAS--  
AH SHURE  
THANKS YO'

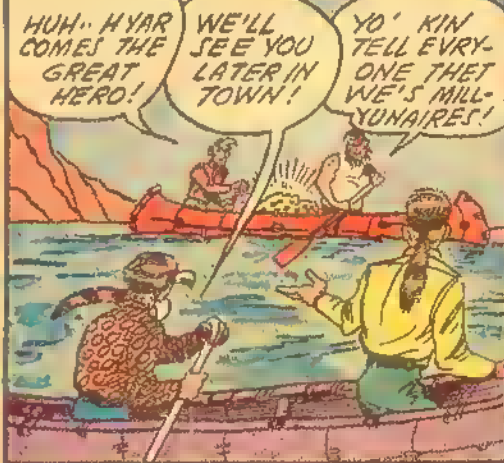
AND A WHILE LATER AS  
THEY EMERGE FROM THE  
TUNNEL...

WHEW, UNCLE  
DUD -- WE'S  
HAD A  
VERY  
BUSY  
DAY!

YUP! BUT...  
AH WONDERS  
WHUT THE  
CHIEF MEANT  
BY SPECIAL  
IDOL ROCKS!



FARTHER DOWN THE STREAM, THEY PASS TUT AND WILLIAMS IN THEIR HEAVILY LOADED CANOE...

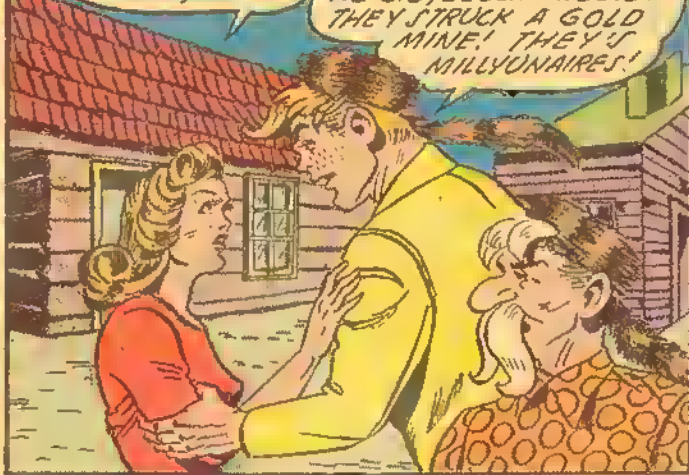


HUH! MYAR COMES THE GREAT HERO!

WE'LL SEE YOU LATER IN TOWN!

YO' KIN TELL EVRY-ONE THAT WE'S MILLYUNAIRES!

UNCLE DUO AND DAN'L ARE THE FIRST TO RETURN TO HOMESPOIN CENTER DIDN'T YOU FIND THEM, DAN'L?



WE DID, BEULAH BELLE! THEY STRUCK A GOLD MINE! THEY'S MILLYUNAIRES!

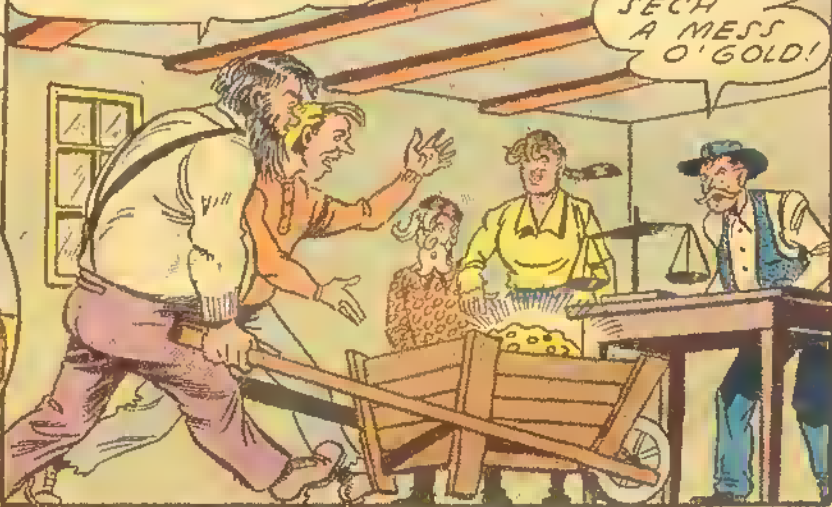
DAN'L AND DUO TAKE THEIR OWN GIFTS TO THE ASSAYER'S OFFICE.

YEP! REAL GOLD! YO' GETS TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE TWO NUGGETS!

THAT'S GREAT!



GANG WAY FER A COUPLA MILLYUNAIRES!



HOLY HOKUM! SECH A MESS O' GOLD!

**BUT...**

JUST A MINUTE, BOYS!

WHUT'S THE MATTER?

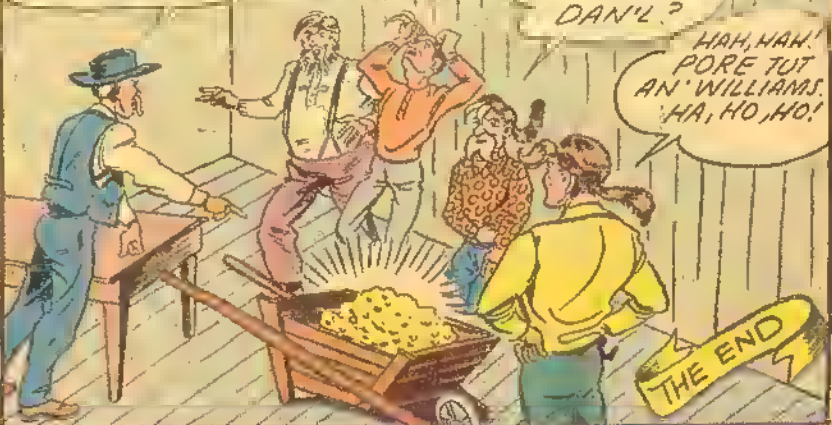


GET TH' MESS OF "FOOLS' GOLD" OUTTA HERE, AN' DRAG YORE CARCASSES AFTER 'IT!

WHA...? OHHH!

HAH-HAH! CHEATS ALLUS GETS CHEATED! IT SARVES 'EM RIGHT, EH, DAN'L?

HAH, HAH! PORE TUT AN' WILLIAMS. HA, HO, HO!



THE END

# The TERROR RAIDERS

**S**ERGEANT Jack Hall of the Civil Air Corps looked toward his reconnaissance plane as a mechanic warmed it up outside; then he turned to glance anxiously at the road that led to the airfield.

The motor was running smoothly, and two depth bombs nestled under the belly of the plane. Hall motioned for the mechanic to remove the wheel chocks, then he climbed into the pilot's seat.

"Hey, wait for me!" Chick Hannan yelled as he ran across the field and attempted to strap on his parachute at the same time.

Hall set the plane in motion. It picked up speed along the runway, then rose gracefully into the air.

The men placed their communication phones over their heads, and Chick asked, "What's hot, Hall?"

"There was another terror raid to-day, at Atlantic City, this time," Hall said soberly.

"What?" Chick exclaimed.

"Just like the one at Boston. Six seaplanes came out of nowhere, they bombed the boardwalk and beach, then headed out to sea. By the time our planes got into the air, the enemy planes had vanished."

"The dirty so and sos," Chick snapped, "so Hitler thinks his terror raids are going to scare the American people, heh?"

**F**OR a few minutes there was only a great vacant expanse of water beneath them. Then, close to the horizon, two tiny specks loomed up.

"There's a couple of ships out there," Chick said.

"We'll give them the once over," Hall replied.

"I hope that they are a couple of Nazi subs so we can blast them out of the water," Chick said.

"That would be swell," Hall answered, "but I'd rather find those terror raiders."

"Looks like a cargo boat being escorted by a destroyer," Chick snapped.

"You're right," Hall said a minute later as they passed over the cargo vessel, "I'm going down and give them a wing dip."

**T**HE plane semi-circled, then zoomed downward toward the destroyer.

"Old Glory sure looks swell waving in the breeze," Hall thought, then he caught his breath as he watched the scene below. The destroyer's crew were running to their battle stations—and he was heading straight into a forty millimeter AA gun.

The ack-ack-ack of a fifty-caliber machine gun greeted them as they skimmed over the vessel. As Hall guided the plane out of range, he snapped to Chick, "Radio back to the field, and notify Captain MacNamee that we've discovered the hideout of the terror raiders!"

"Are you crazy?" Chick asked. "I didn't see any planes."

"Neither did I, but I did see that extra large open hatchway, and the plane hoist on the deck boom—and those eggs weren't using us for target practice. They think we know something and are trying to make sure that we don't tell any secrets. Hop to it; then we'll show those guys that we can play, too."

Chick snapped his fingers. "By golly," he said, "I'm beginning to see the light! This isn't in the convoy lanes; those babies are just chucking a bluff."

**U**PON making contact with the airfield, Chick excitedly relayed the message, then he switched back to the inner communication phones. "What now?" he asked. "Do we wait for help, or do we put the fear of God into those terror boys?"

"Put those depth bombs alongside of that destroyer," Hall yelled. "It will be getting dark soon, and they might get away if we don't stop them."

With a burst of speed the plane lurched at the warship. The deafening roar of anti-aircraft fire sounded like thunder, and shell fragments dug into the plane.

Chick released the depth bombs, then Hall struggled to control the battered plane. It began to gain altitude, but suddenly the motor burst into flames.

"Bail out!" Hall shouted. He withstood the intense heat until Chick was clear of the plane, then he jumped from the inferno.

As they floated downward, they could see the chaos they had caused. The depth bombs had ripped open the seams of the destroyer, and it was slowly disappearing into the sea, as its crew scrambled in the water, swimming fiercely to put distance between themselves and the ship.



to avoid the undertow that would follow its sinking.

HALL noticed that the lifeboats were moving rapidly toward the destroyer's crew; then he saw the rope ladder that hung on the side of the cargo boat. "Come on," he told Chick. "let's go aboard and have a look at the set-up."

Hall swam to the ladder and began to climb. Chick hesitated for a moment; looking at the vast stretch of water about him, he followed Hall.

The ship's captain and a group of aviators confronted Hall and Chick as they scrambled onto the deck. A revolver was held firmly in the captain's hand. He snapped, "Make dem prisoners in der ammunition magazine."

Then Hall saw that only one Nazi aviator, carrying a blunt-nosed automatic, was to escort them to their jail. And as he passed the open hatchway, he noticed the bomber in the hold.

The confident Nazi led them to a heavy door, and waved them to go inside.

Hall started to edge into the magazine, then suddenly he spun on his heels, and his right fist smashed into the Nazi's jaw. The Nazi slumped to the deck and Hall tore the automatic from his grasp.

Hall switched on the magazine lights as the Nazi staggered to his feet. He glanced at a row of metal tanks stowed in racks inside the doorway.

"Lead on," Chick said to Hall, "you're a navy ammunition worker. What do we do with this stuff?"

Hall pushed the Nazi toward the tanks. "Take the lids off of those tanks, Chick, and make this guy give you a hand."

Chick removed a lid and pulled a sausage-shaped bag out of the tank. "What is this?" he asked.

"That bag contains about twenty-five pounds of smokeless powder and seventy-five grams of black powder," Hall smiled.

"You take two of them, and give this bird two of them, then I'll show you how to get rid of those six terror bombers, and this ship."

Hall forced the Nazi, at the point of the gun, to lead them to the hold where the bombers were stored. Then he had Chick place the four powder charges alongside of the bomb racks of the bomber in the open hatchway.

SATISFIED, he told Chick, "We're going up on deck now, and as we reach the deck you go over the side. I'll follow you inside of a minute. We'll have to work fast, so that the Nazis won't stop us."

They reached the deck cautiously, the automatic digging into the Nazi's back.

Chick ran and jumped into the sea as Hall shoved the Nazi aside and pointed the automatic carefully into the hatchway. A bullet dug into the black powder ignition end of one of the bag charges, and as a huge flame flashed from the hatchway, Hall was diving overboard.

A terrific explosion shook the ship as Hall hit the water.

Chick shouted to Hall, "Look!" and he pointed to three forms that were cutting rapidly through the water toward them.

"PT boats!" Hall exclaimed.

It was ten minutes later when Hall and Chick were fished out of the sea. When they identified themselves, a young lieutenant said, "Congratulations! You fellows did a swell job."

## THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF 4-MOST, published quarterly at Philadelphia, Penn., for October 1, 1943.

State of Pennsylvania }  
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. MacNeal, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Novelty Press, Inc., publisher of 4-MOST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Novelty Press, Inc., 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Stanley H. Beaman, 17 Melnyre St., Bronxville, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Stanley H. Beaman, 17 Melnyre St., Bronxville, N. Y.; Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Novelty Press, Inc., 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the full and complete names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing sufficient full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities then as so stated by him.

Novelty Press, Inc.

R. E. MacNEAL, Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1943.

W. C. ZIMMERMAN, Notary Public,  
(My commission expires February 3, 1945.)

# The CADET

FEATURING  
KIT  
CARTER

I'M SOAKED  
THROUGH!

THERE'S THE OLD FORT, DAN..  
WE'VE BEEN TOLD TO  
STAY OUT OF IT BUT IT'S  
BETTER THAN PNEUMONIA,  
I GUESS!

**K**IT CARTER  
AND DAN MERRY  
GO FOR A RIDE  
IN THE HILLS  
BUT GET CAUGHT  
IN A RAGING  
STORM...WET AND  
TIRED, THEY  
SEEK SHELTER IN  
OLD FORT GREENE-  
RELIC OF THE  
CIVIL WAR DAYS -

THE BOYS ENTER THE OLD  
FORT...

SUPPOSE I THINK  
WE DARE START WE'D  
A FIRE, KIT? BETTER!

I'LL TIE  
THE HORSES...  
SEE IF YOU CAN  
FIND SOME  
DRY WOOD!

THEY SOON HAVE A BRIGHT  
FIRE BURNING -- BUT THE  
WEIRD SHADOWS ONLY ADD  
TO THE DEPRESSING ATMOSPHERE!

K. KIT...I  
HAVE A FUNNY  
FEELING  
WE'RE NOT  
ALONE!

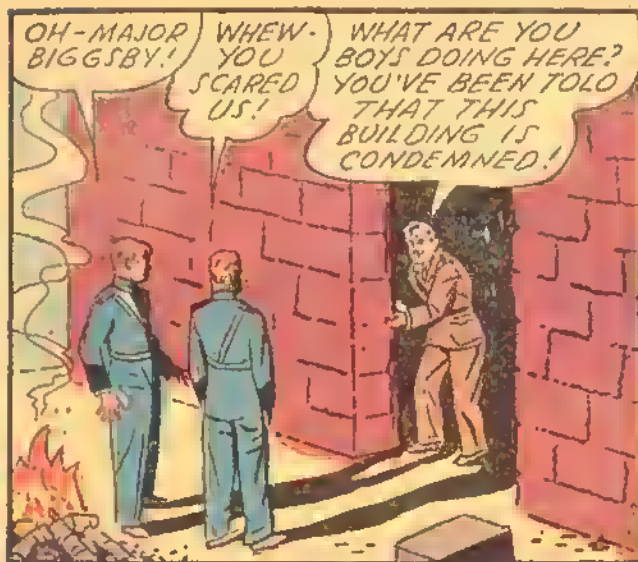
AW... IT'S  
JUST THE  
WIND MOANING  
THROUGH THE  
CRACKS!

THEN, UNEXPECTEDLY,  
A FIGURE STRIDES INTO  
THE LIGHT!

K-KIT!  
KIT!

WHA...  
WHO IS  
IT?





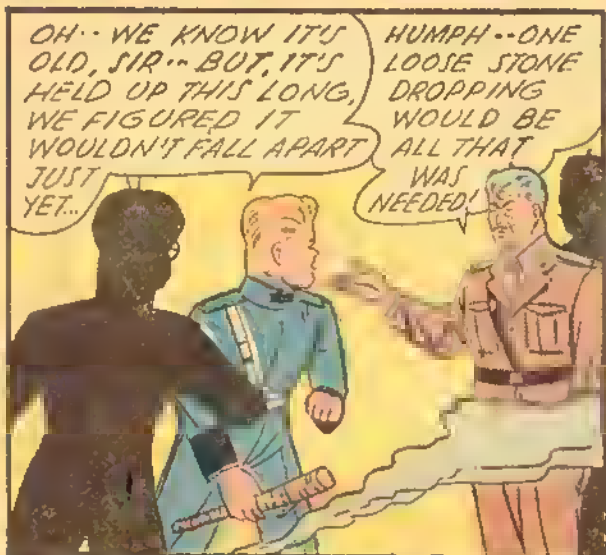
OH-MAJOR BIGGSBY!

WHEW- YOU SCARED US!

WHAT ARE YOU BOYS DOING HERE? YOU'VE BEEN TOLO THAT THIS BUILDING IS CONDEMNED!

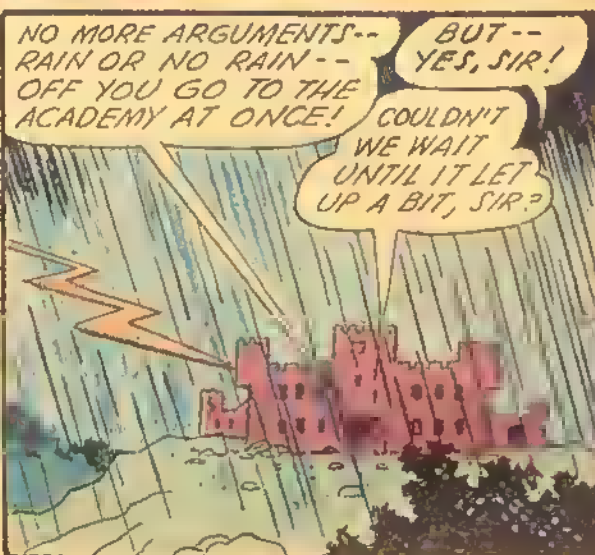
THE BOYS TRY TO EXPLAIN BUT --

HUH.. THE WHOLE SCHOOL COULD BE TURNED UPSIDE DOWN WORRYING ABOUT YOU -- IT'S A GOOD THING I HAPPENED TO KNOW YOU WERE OUT AND LOOKED FOR YOU --- DON'T YOU REALIZE THIS PLACE COULD COLLAPSE ON YOU?



OH.. WE KNOW IT'S OLD, SIR.. BUT, IT'S HELD UP THIS LONG, WE FIGURED IT WOULDN'T FALL APART JUST YET...

HUMPH--ONE LOOSE STONE DROPPING WOULD BE ALL THAT WAS NEEDED!



NO MORE ARGUMENTS-- RAIN OR NO RAIN -- OFF YOU GO TO THE ACADEMY AT ONCE!

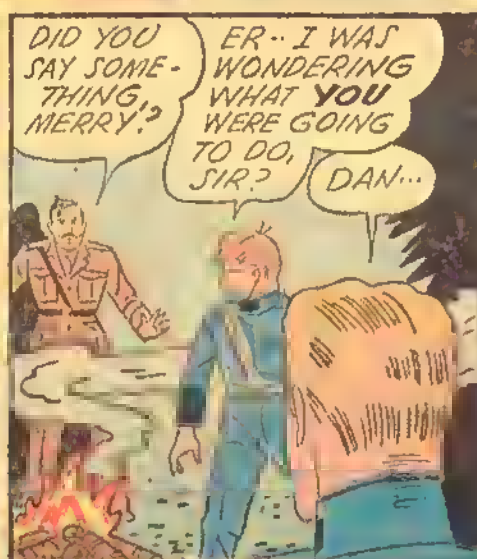
BUT -- YES, SIR!

COULDN'T WE WAIT UNTIL IT LET UP A BIT, SIR?



BET HE WON'T GO OUT IN THAT RAIN...

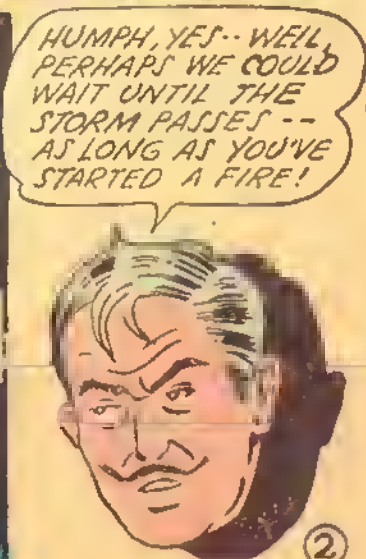
SSH!



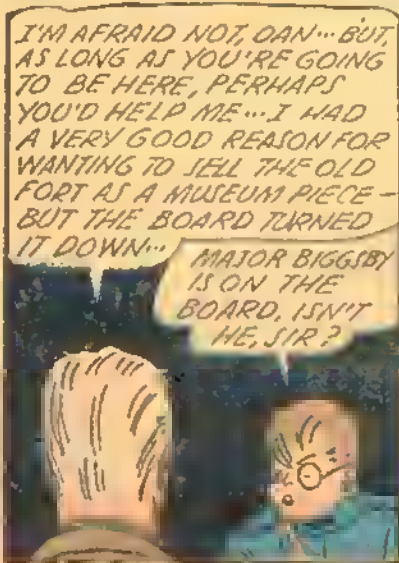
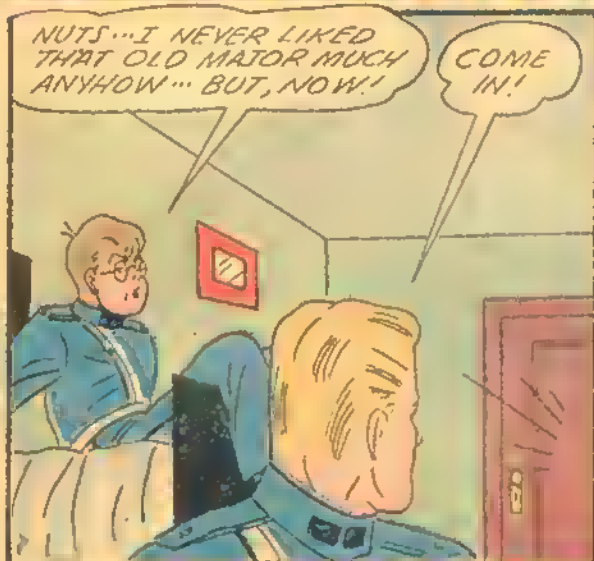
DID YOU SAY SOME-THING MERRY?

ER.. I WAS WONDERING WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO DO, SIR?

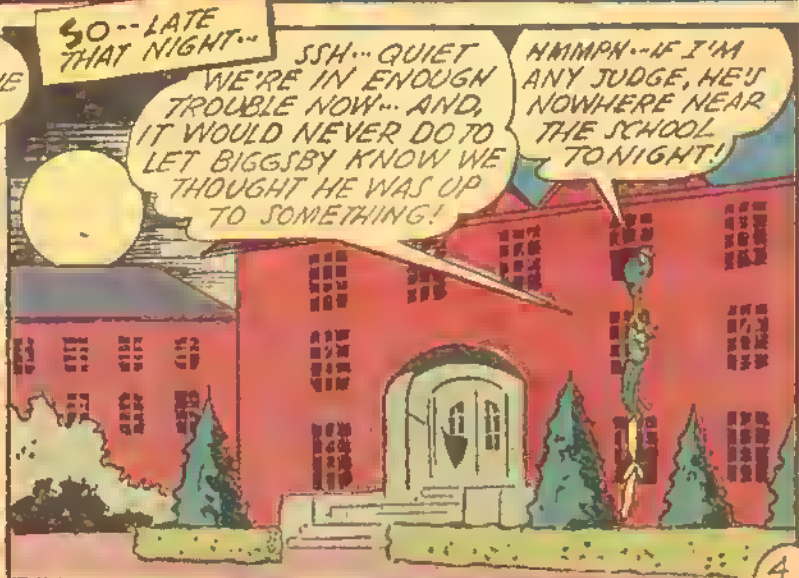
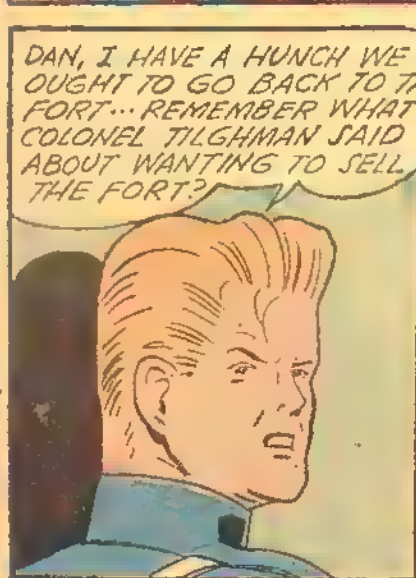
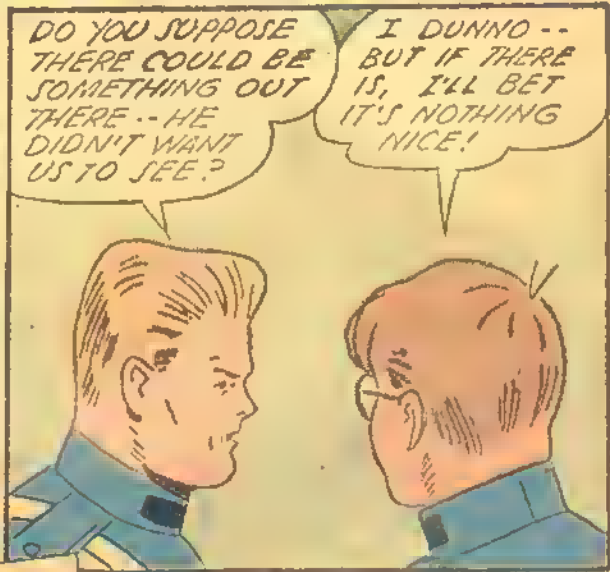
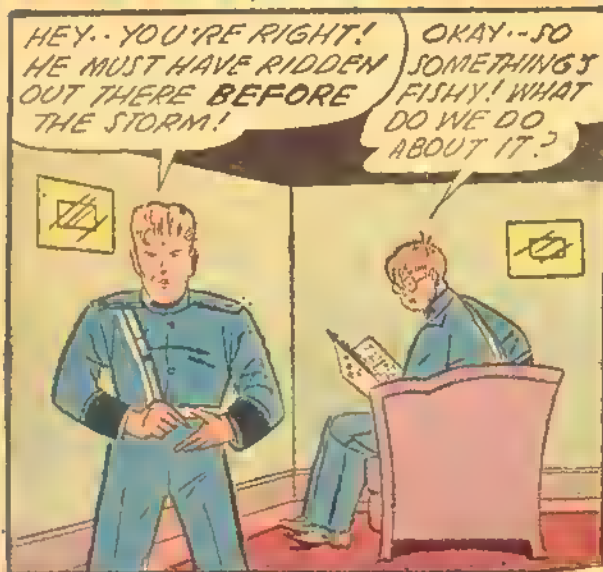
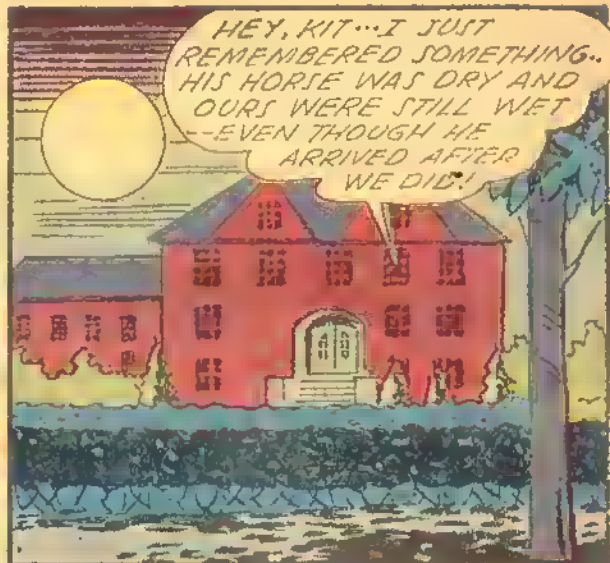
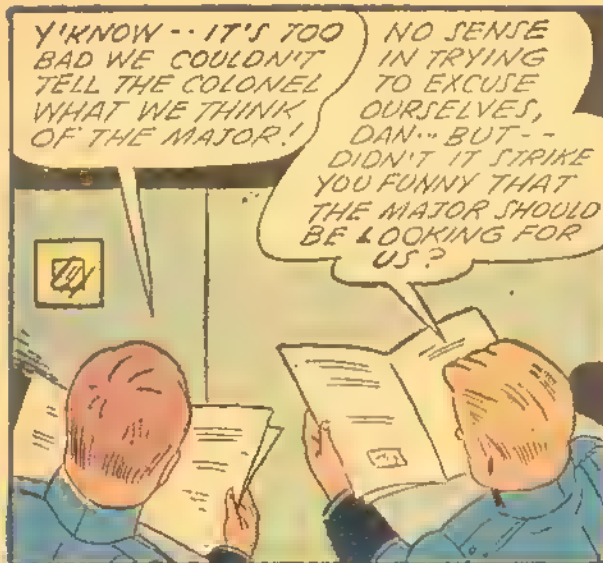
DAN...

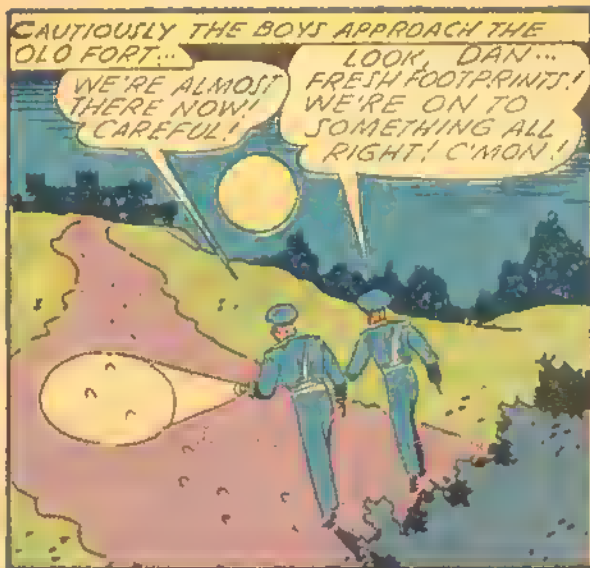


HUMPH, YES.. WELL, PERHAPS WE COULD WAIT UNTIL THE STORM PASSES -- AS LONG AS YOU'VE STARTED A FIRE!











BRAVELY, KIT AND DAN CONTINUE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRWELL...

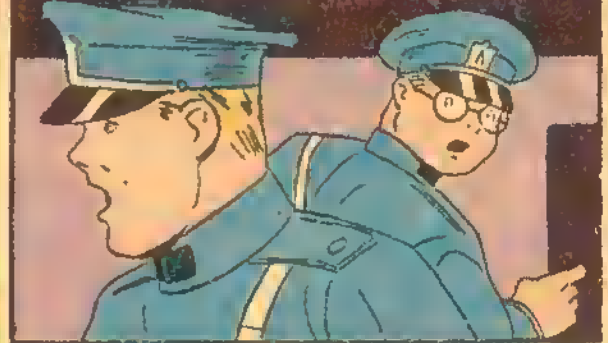
WHERE IN HECK COULD HE HAVE GONE DOWN HERE... NOTHING BUT OLD CELL BLOCKS!

CALL ONCE MORE, KIT! IF HE DOESN'T ANSWER, LET'S SCRAM!



MAJOR BIGGSBY!

KIT... LOOK! A FOOT-PRINT HEADING INTO THAT TUNNEL! DO YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO...



BEFORE THE BOYS CAN DECIDE, TWO OF THE CELL DOORS ARE THROWN OPEN...

GULP!

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE SIMPLER TO ASK YOU TO ENTER!

JA... COME IN!

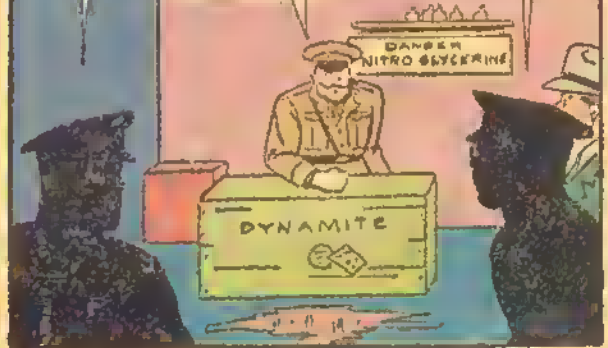
NAZIS!



MAJOR BIGGSBY!

YES... IT'S TOO BAD YOU BOYS WOULD NOT BELIEVE ME WHEN I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A DANGEROUS PLACE!

WHY... YOU'RE A NAZI TOO!



AS YOU CAN SEE, WE'RE EXCAVATING!

JA... VE UNDERMINE YOUR AMERICAN...

SHUT UP!

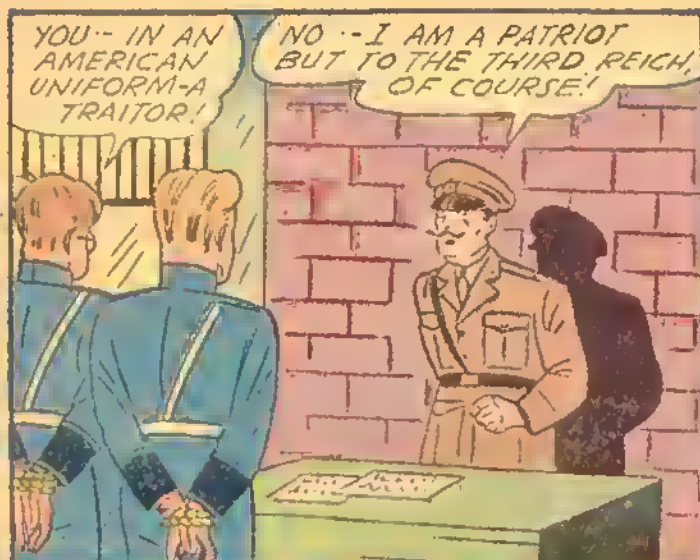


OH, LET HIM TALK... THESE BOYS WILL NEVER TELL, FOR THEY WON'T LEAVE HERE ALIVE!

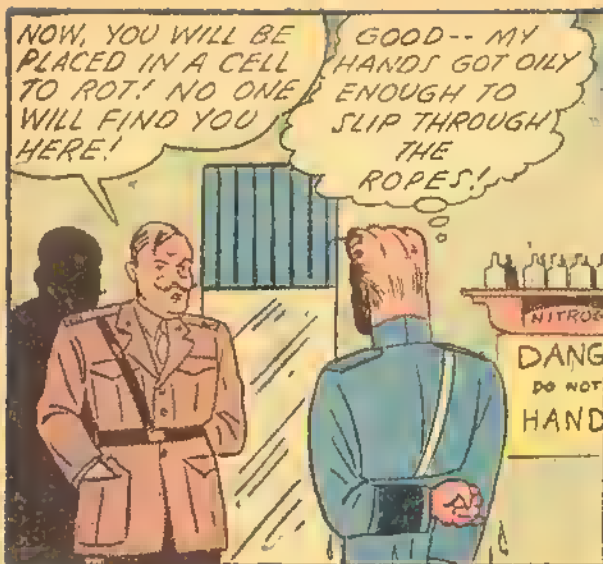
WHY, YOU NASTY NAZIS!

EASY, DAN-- WE'RE NOT DEAD YET!









NOW, YOU WILL BE PLACED IN A CELL TO ROT! NO ONE WILL FIND YOU HERE!

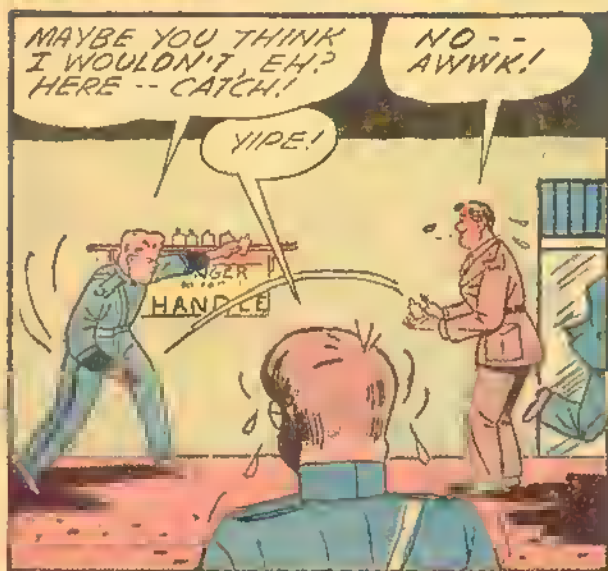
GOOD-- MY HANDS GOT ONLY ENOUGH TO SLIP THROUGH THE ROPES!



IT ACTS FAST...

OKAY-- DROP THOSE GUNS AND LET US OUT OR I'LL BLOW THE WHOLE PLACE TO DUST!

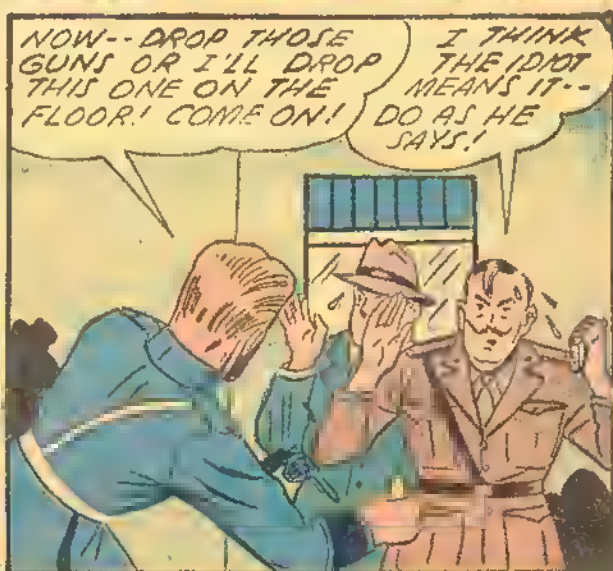
WHA... YOU LITTLE FOOL, PUT THAT BOTTLE DOWN!



MAYBE YOU THINK I WOULDN'T, EH? HERE -- CATCH!

NO -- AWWK!

YIPE!



NOW-- DROP THOSE GUNS OR I'LL DROP THIS ONE ON THE FLOOR! COME ON!

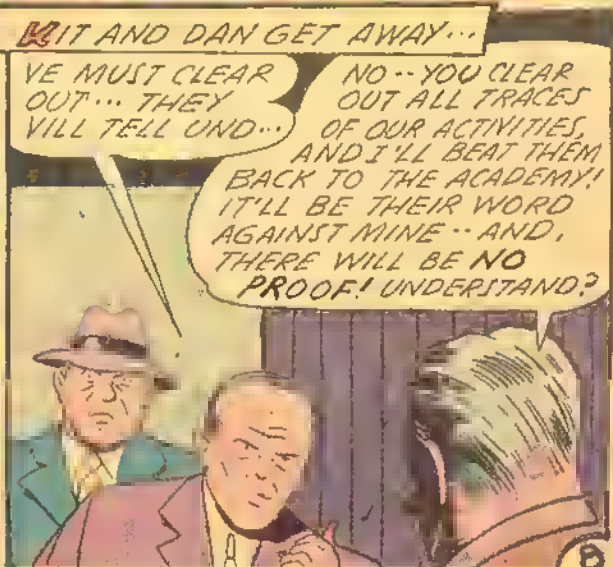
I THINK THE IDIOT MEANS IT-- DO AS HE SAYS!



THE NAZIS OBEY...

OKAY, -- GO ON, DAN! THE REST OF YOU STAY PUT OR I'LL DROP IT AT YOUR FEET!

D-- DON'T FALL, KIT-- PLEASE!

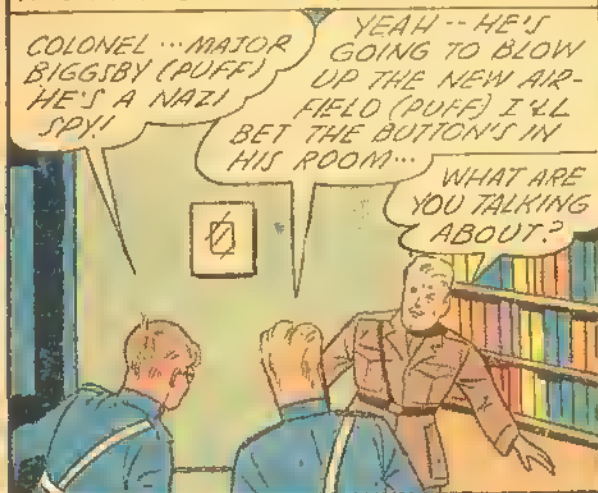


IT AND DAN GET AWAY...

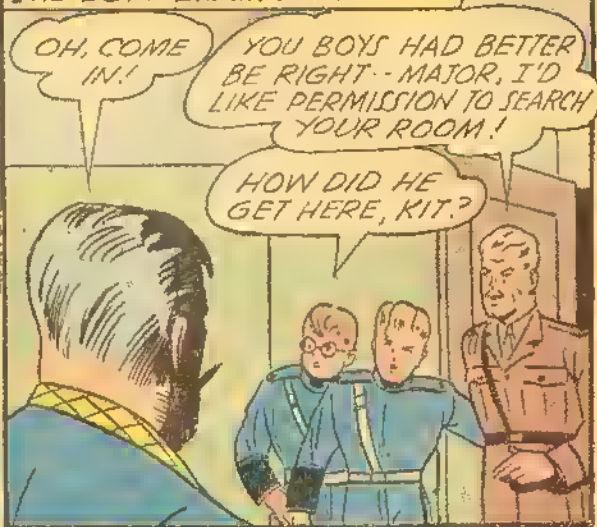
WE MUST CLEAR OUT... THEY VILL TELL UND...

NO-- YOU CLEAR OUT ALL TRACES OF OUR ACTIVITIES, AND I'LL BEAT THEM BACK TO THE ACADEMY! IT'LL BE THEIR WORD AGAINST MINE-- AND, THERE WILL BE NO PROOF! UNDERSTAND?

**KIT AND DAN ARRIVE AT COLONEL TILGHMAN'S OFFICE, BREATHLESS!**



**THE BOYS EXPLAIN AND ...**



WHY... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! BUT, OF COURSE YOU MAY -- GO RIGHT AHEAD!



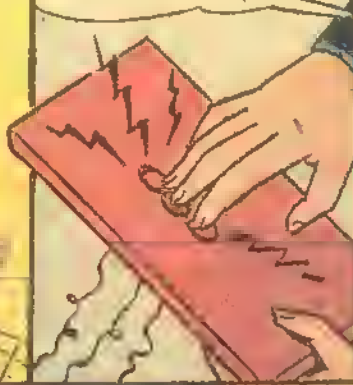
I THOUGHT SO, MAJOR! WOULD YOU MIND LETTING ME LOOK IN THAT WINDOW SEAT?



WHY -- BUT, THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE TO INTEREST YOU!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! AH! I FOUND IT! NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I PRESS THESE BUTTONS...



**A FAR-OFF ROAR ECHOES THROUGH THE NIGHT AS OLD FORT GREENE IS BLOWN TO DUST!**



**AND, IN MAJOR BIGGSBY'S ROOM --**

WELL, YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME -- I HAVE OTHER PLANS!



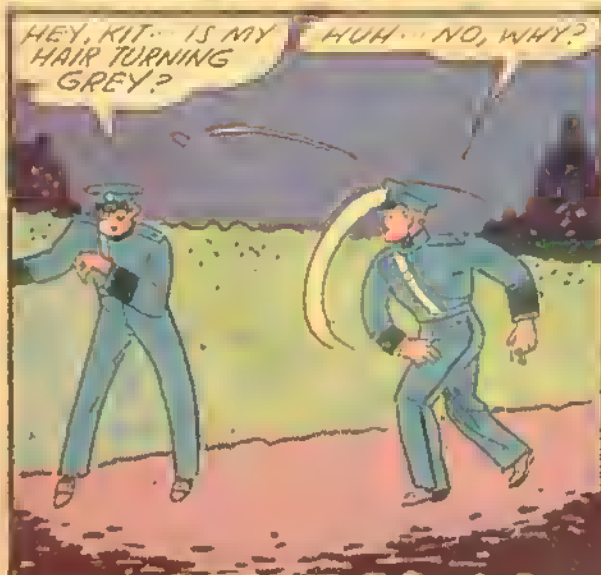
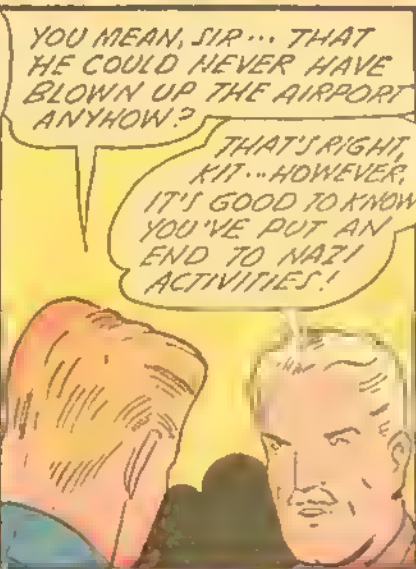
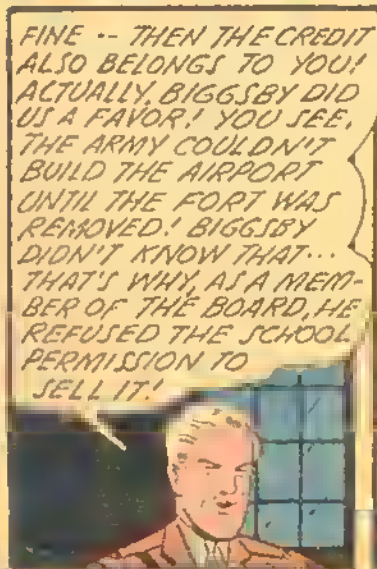
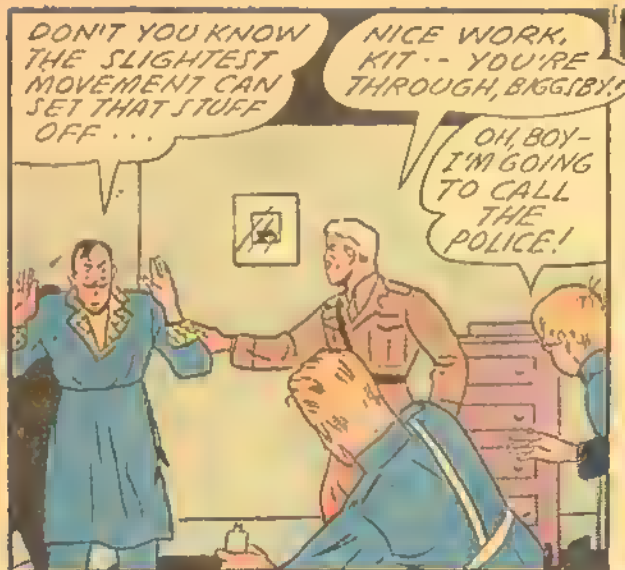
LOOK OUT, BOYS ... HE'S GOT A GUN!



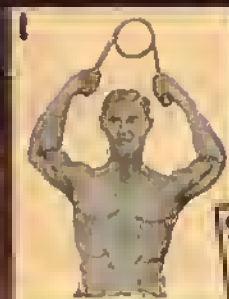
PLANS THAT WON'T EVEN GET STARTED, MAJOR! UNLESS YOU WANT TO GO UP WITH THE FORT... DROP THAT GUN!







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**MAKE**  
-make Official  
**PLANE** models

OH, SURE —  
IN ABOUT A  
SECOND; 8  
BLADES, TOO  
—ONE FOR  
EACH JOB /

OO, GEE,  
DAO —  
THANKS A  
MILLION!

GEE! I WANT  
TO MAKE NAVY  
MODELS TOO!  
I'LL ASK DAD  
FOR A SET!

SURE  
HERE I AM  
MOMMY  
YOU'VE BEEN  
UNCLE SAM  
RIGHT NOW

BOY, WHAT A  
PLANE! HOW D  
YU MAKE IT?

CINCHITOL  
AN X-ACTO  
SET—FOR  
SPEED AND  
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